

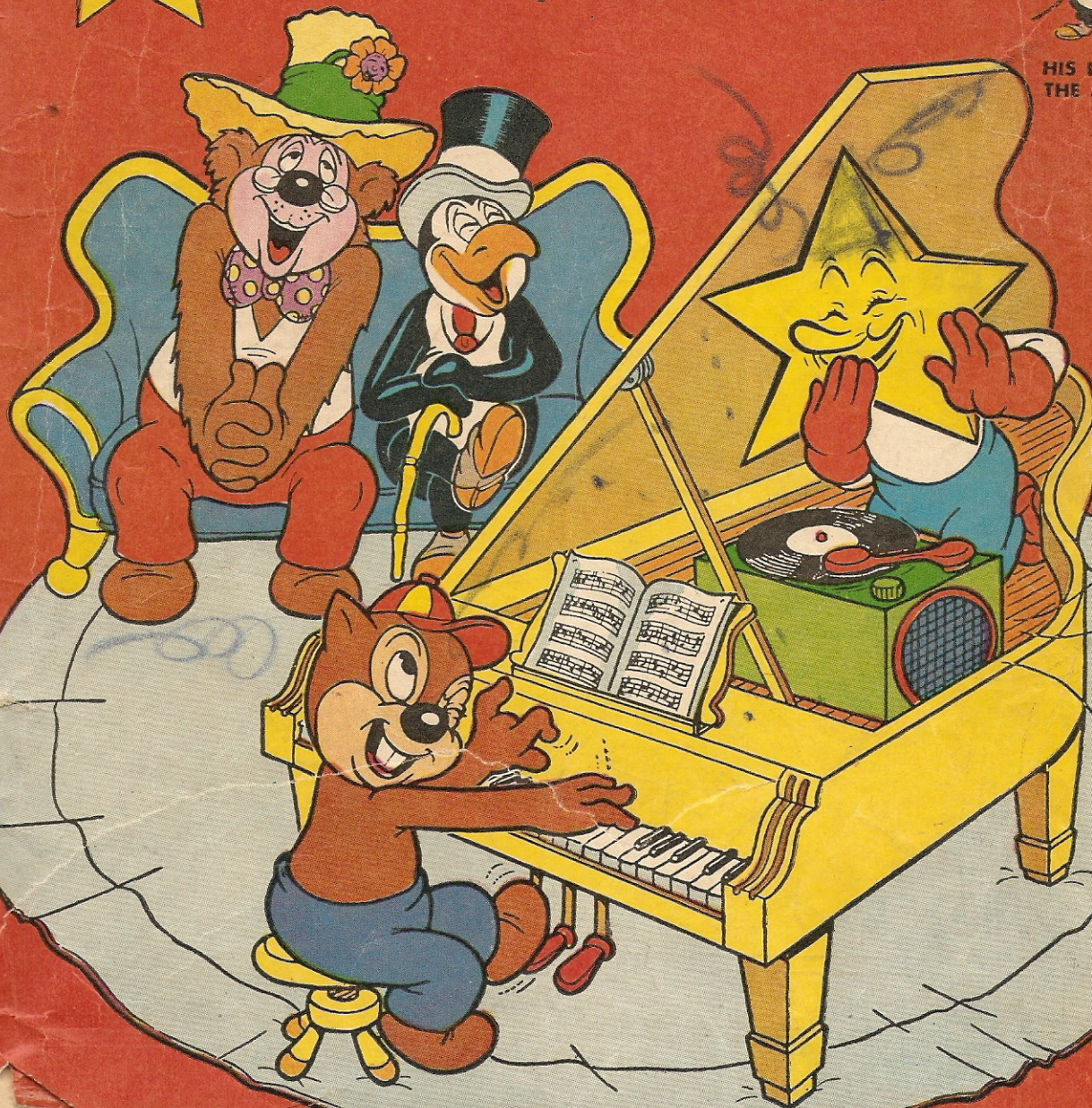
# KIDS



Starring TWINKLE, The Star that Came  
Down from Heaven, and PADDY PENGUIN,  
The Mayor of Animal Town



HIS HONOR  
THE MAYOR







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BE A DETECTIVE! FOLLOW THE CLUES AND

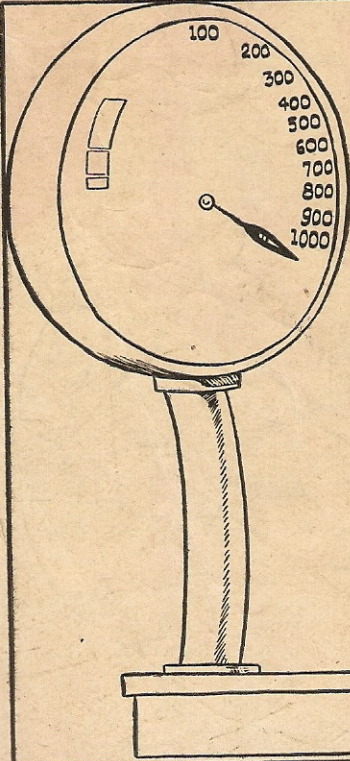
# GUESS MY NAME



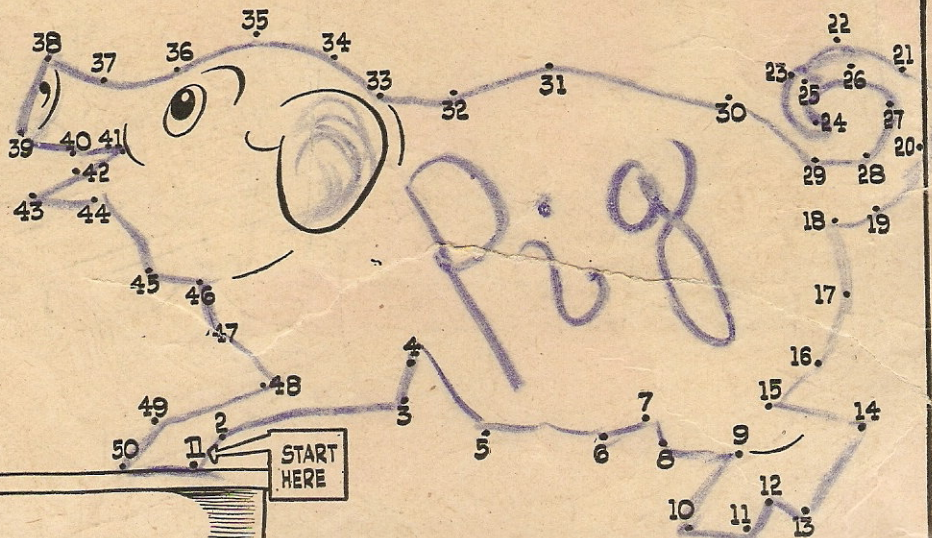
I EAT ALL THIS FOR MY LUNCH.  
MORE, TOO, IF I CAN GET IT.  
I LOVE TO EAT!



WHEN I'M NOT EATING, I'M OFTEN  
ASLEEP. HERE YOU SEE ME SLEEPING  
BEHIND A HAYSTACK.



THE FARMER IS VERY PLEASED WHEN I GET FAT. I THINK I'LL  
WEIGH MYSELF TO SEE HOW FAT I'VE GROWN LATELY. IF YOU  
WANT TO WATCH ME STEPPING ON THE SCALE, CONNECT THE  
DOTS WITH STRAIGHT LINES. START AT 11, DRAW A LINE TO  
2,3,4,—ALL THE WAY TO 50. NOW CAN YOU GUESS MY NAME?



## IMPORTANT NOTICE

Beginning with this issue, **CALLING ALL KIDS**  
will be published every other month.



THE STAR THAT CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN

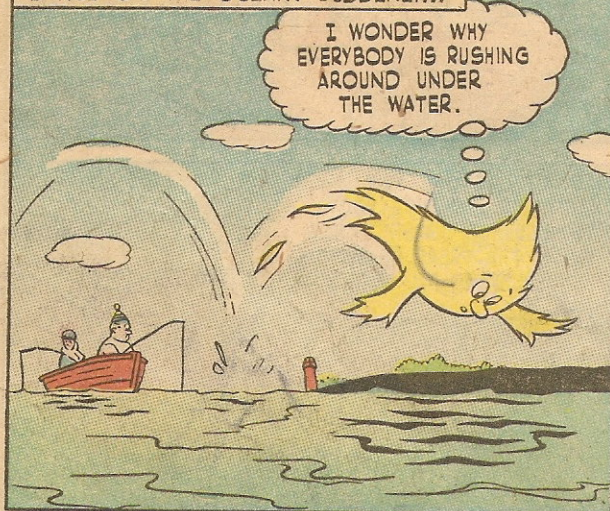
# TWINKLE

FINDS A TREASURE CHEST



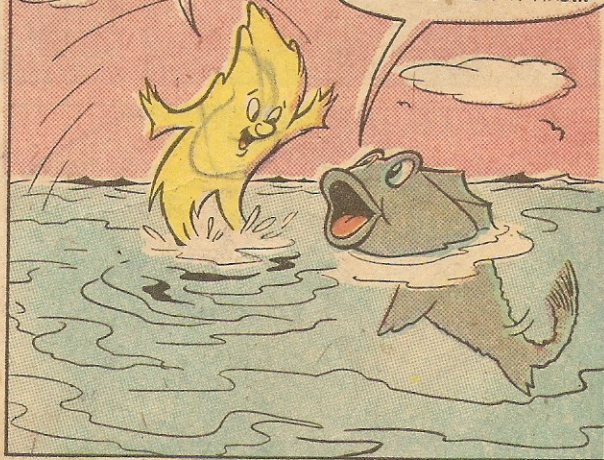
"WHERE IS IT?" ASKS TWINKLE AS HE SEARCHES THE SEA BOTTOM FOR THE MYSTERIOUS TREASURE CHEST. BUT NOT EVEN THE OCTOPUS-COCTOPUS KNOWS!

WHILE TWINKLE IS TAKING A NAP IN HIS SKY HOME, HIS FRIEND SUNNY SUNBEAM COMES DOWN TO DANCE ON THE OCEAN. SUDDENLY...



HELLO, FINNY. WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT?

A TREASURE CHEST FELL FROM A BOAT AND SANK TO THE BOTTOM. WE'RE ALL LOOKING FOR IT AND...



FEBRUARY 1948 issue No. 17

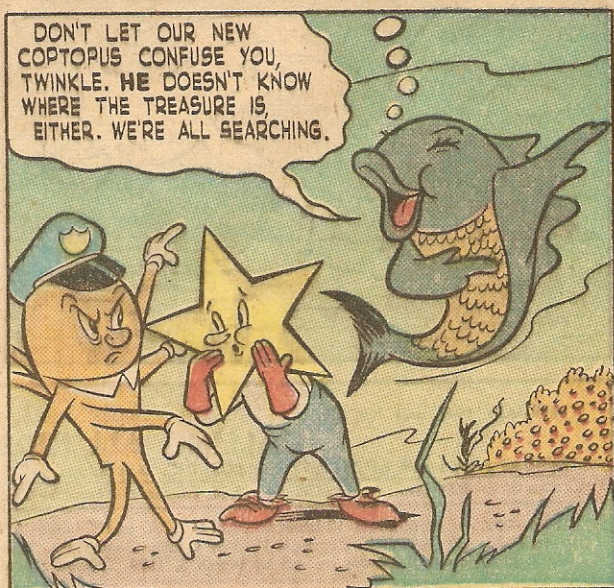
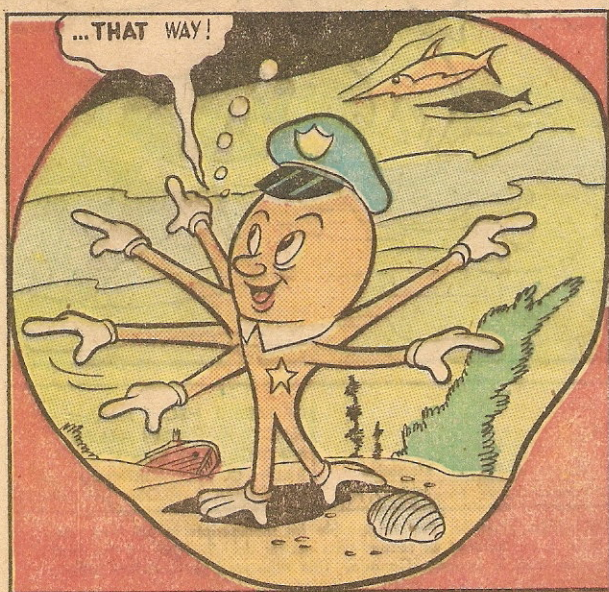
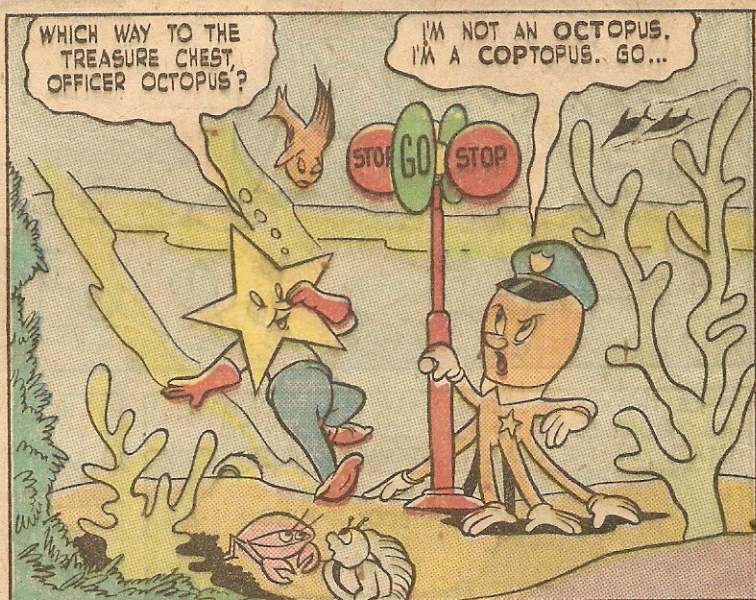
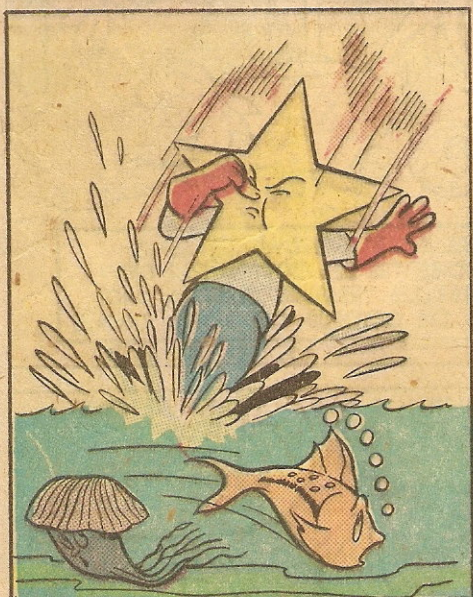
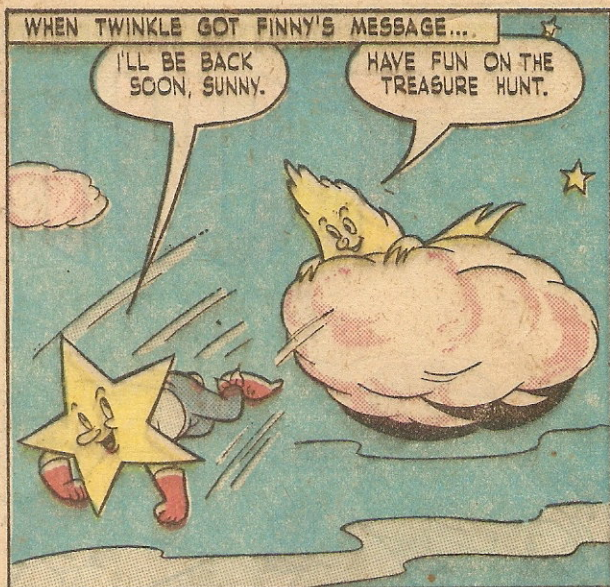
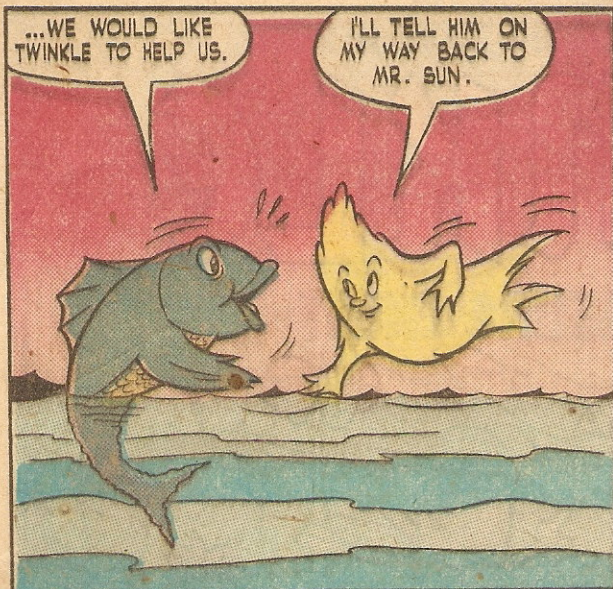
## CALLING ALL KIDS

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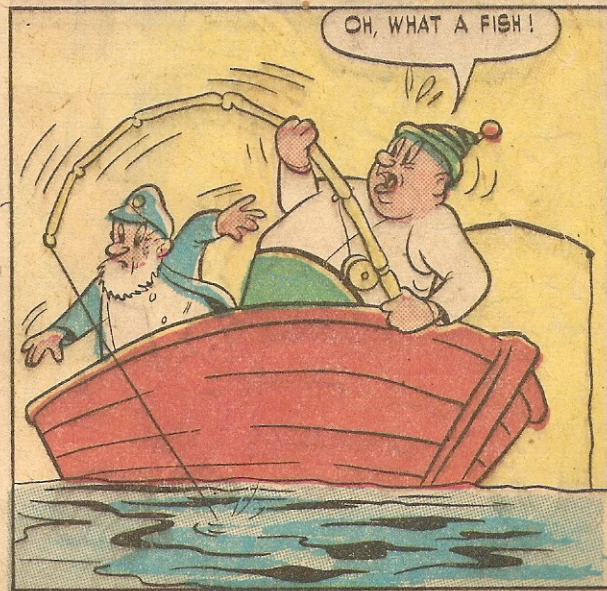
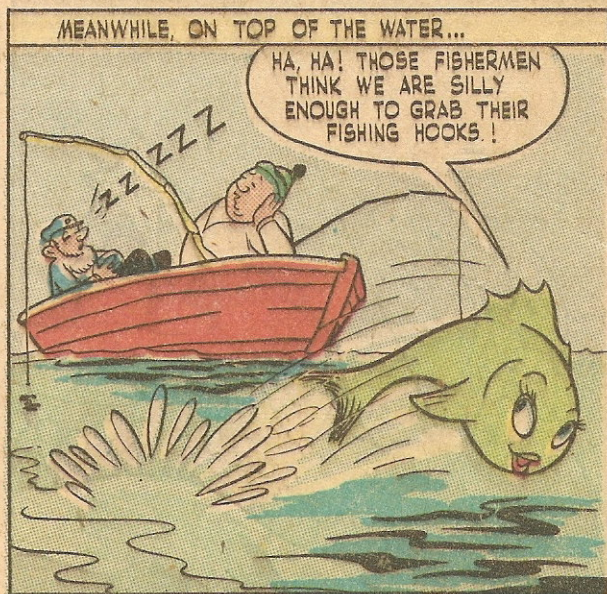
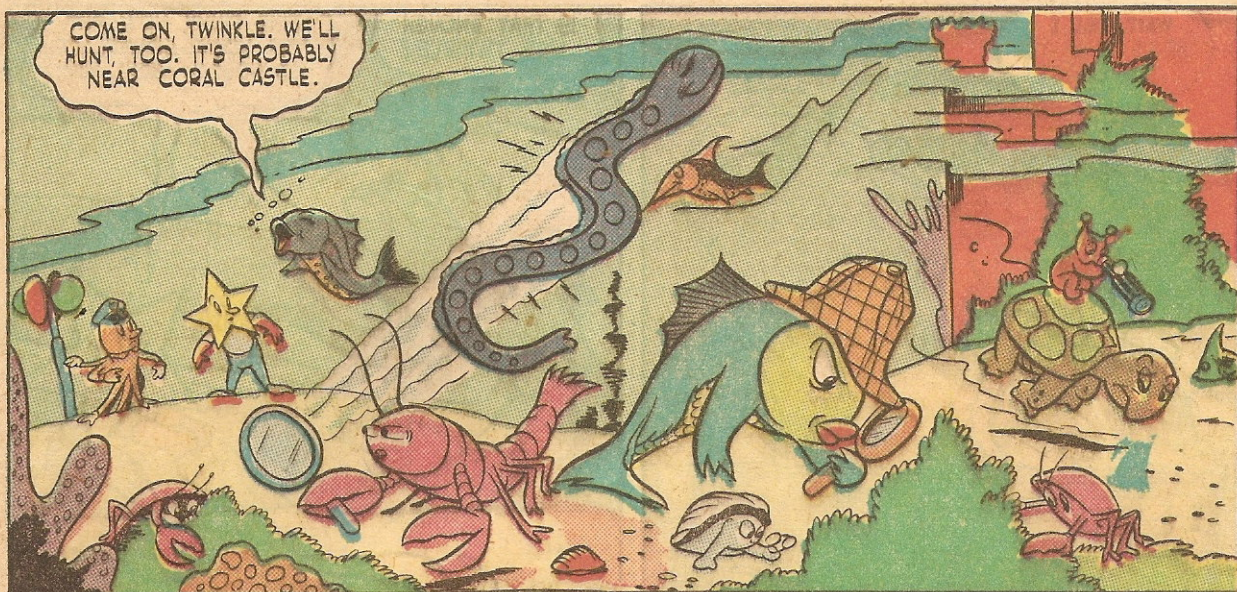
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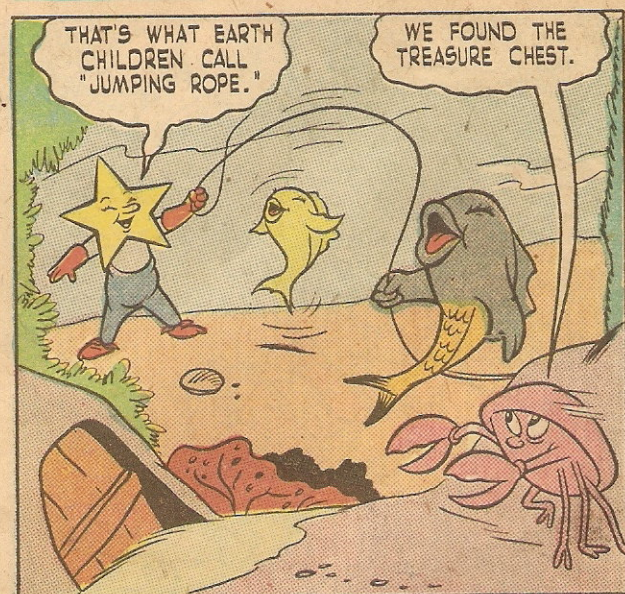
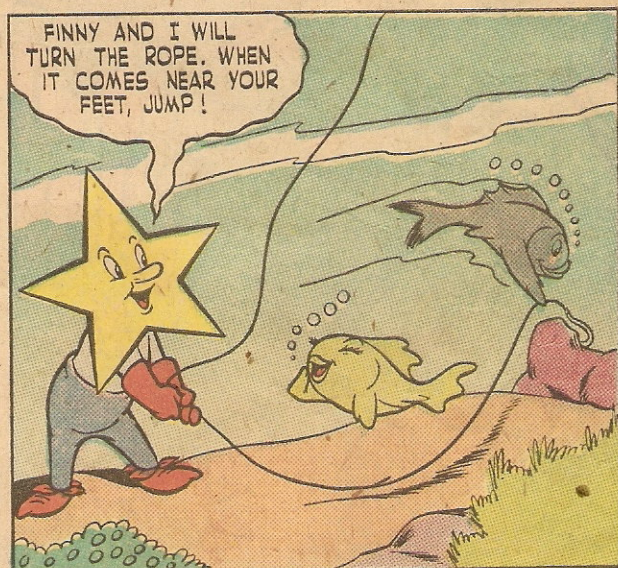
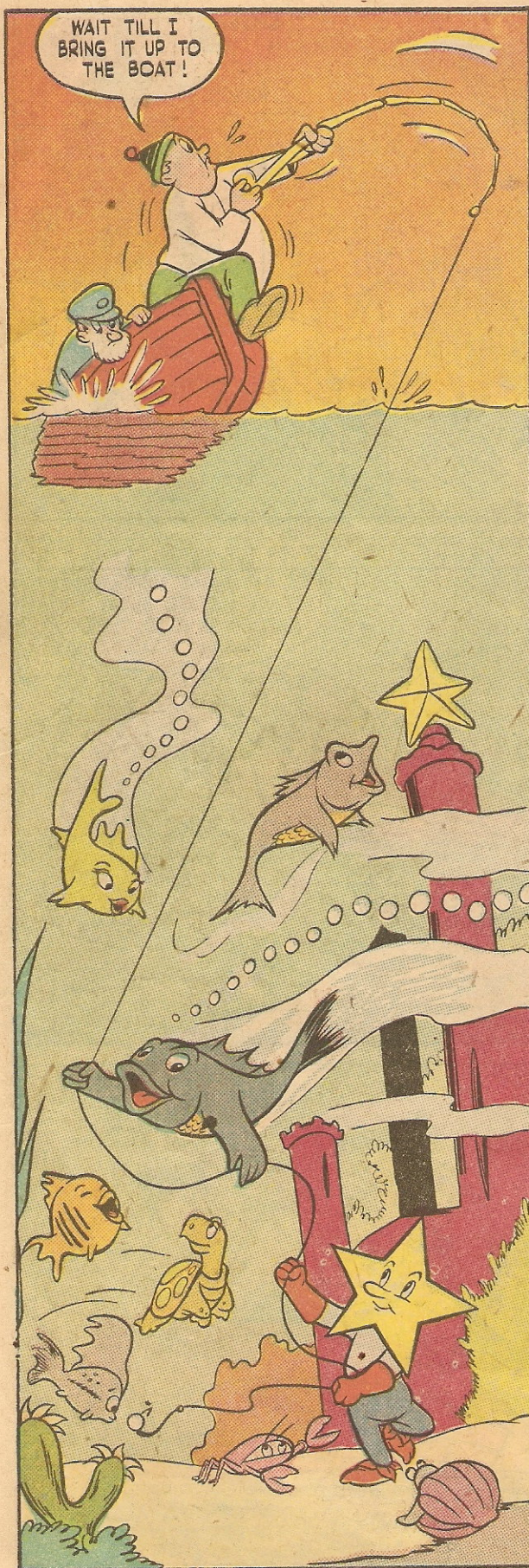




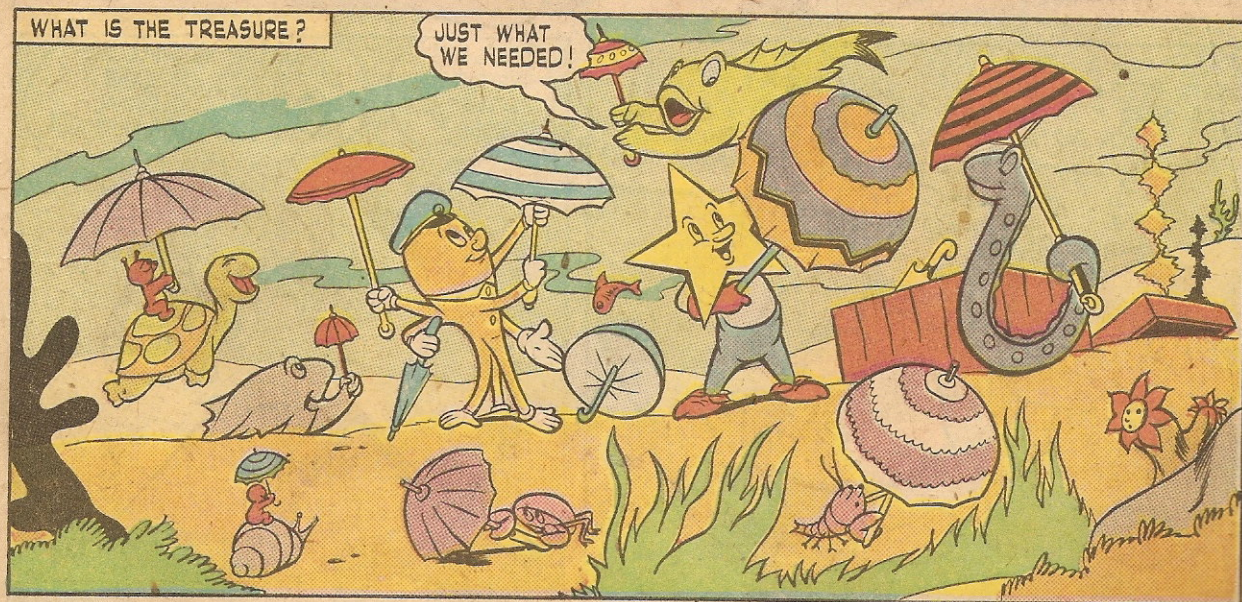
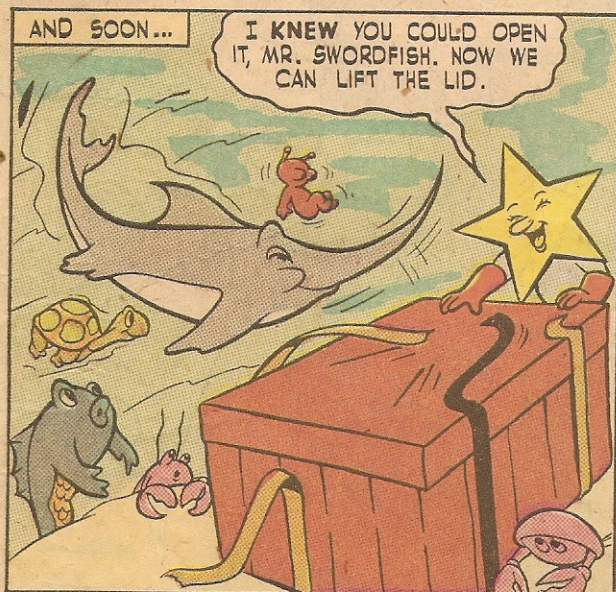
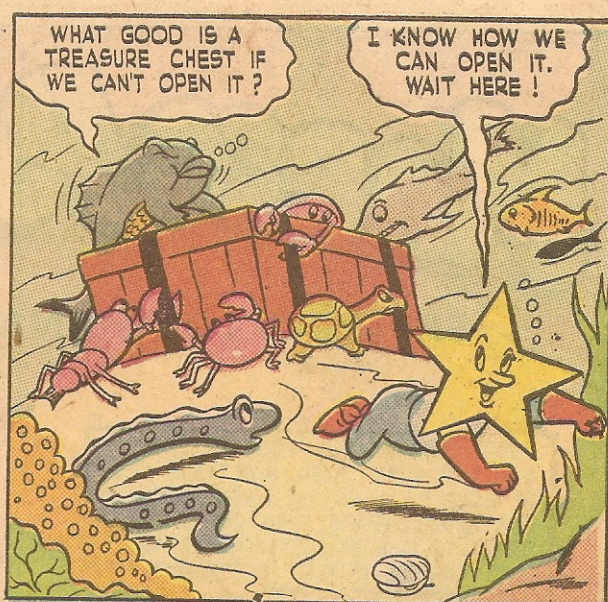
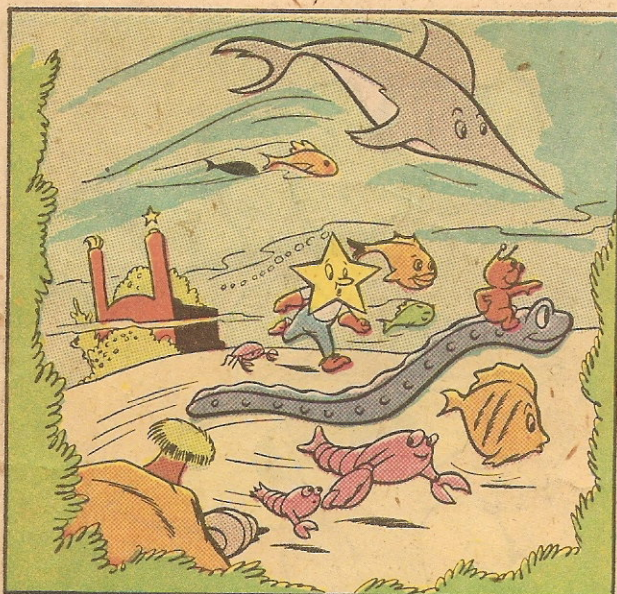














# MARCO POLAR BEAR

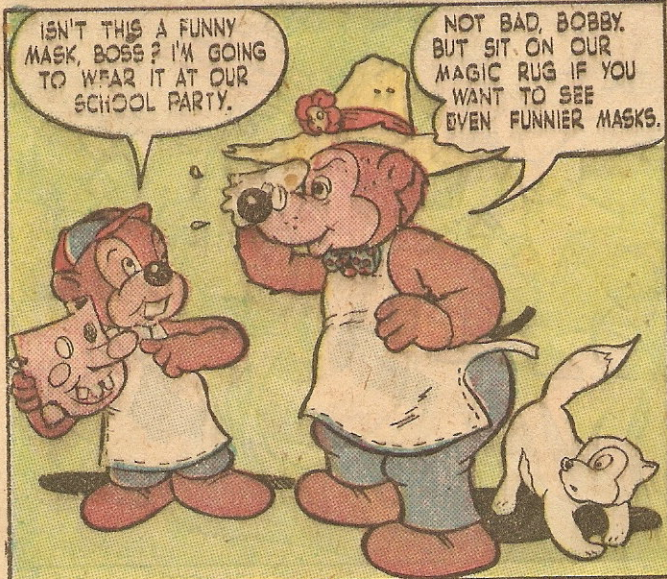
EXPLORES LOUISIANA

BOBBY IS HAVING FUN FOOLING MARCO WITH THAT FUNNY MASK. BUT THERE WILL BE MORE FUN WHEN THE MAGIC LINOLEUM RUG *WISHES* THEM OUT OF THEIR STORE TO THE BIGGEST MASQUERADE PARTY IN THE WORLD.



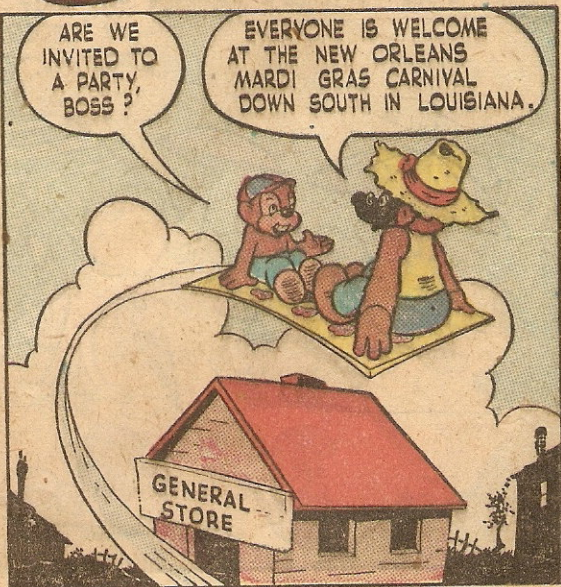
ISN'T THIS A FUNNY MASK, BOSS? I'M GOING TO WEAR IT AT OUR SCHOOL PARTY.

NOT BAD, BOBBY. BUT SIT ON OUR MAGIC RUG IF YOU WANT TO SEE EVEN FUNNIER MASKS.

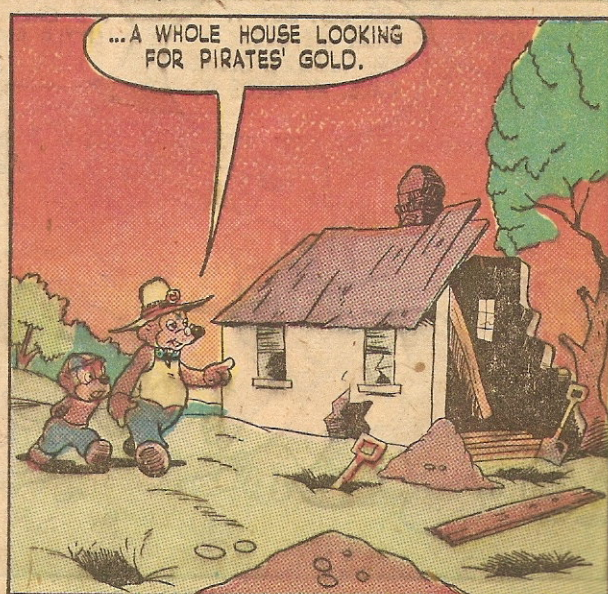
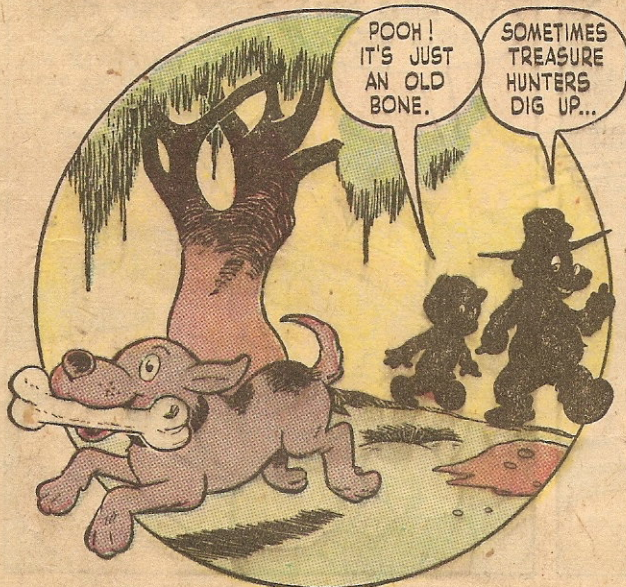
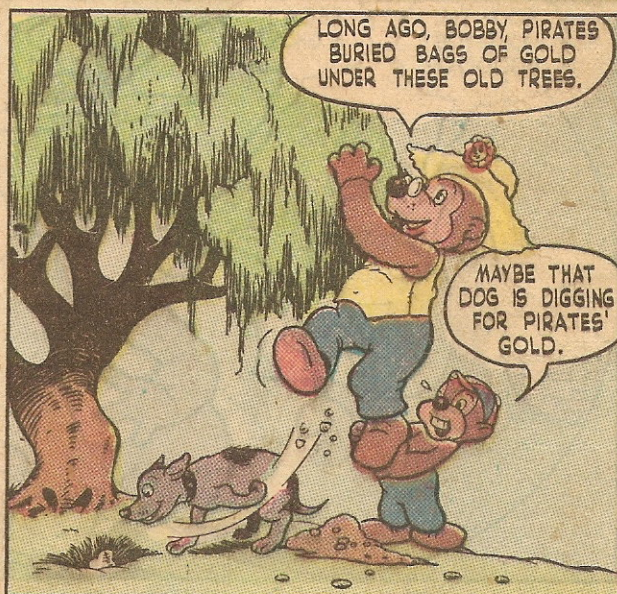
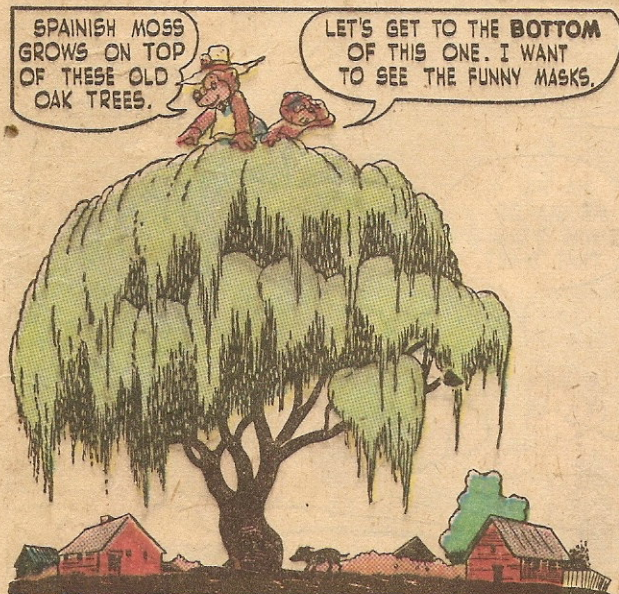
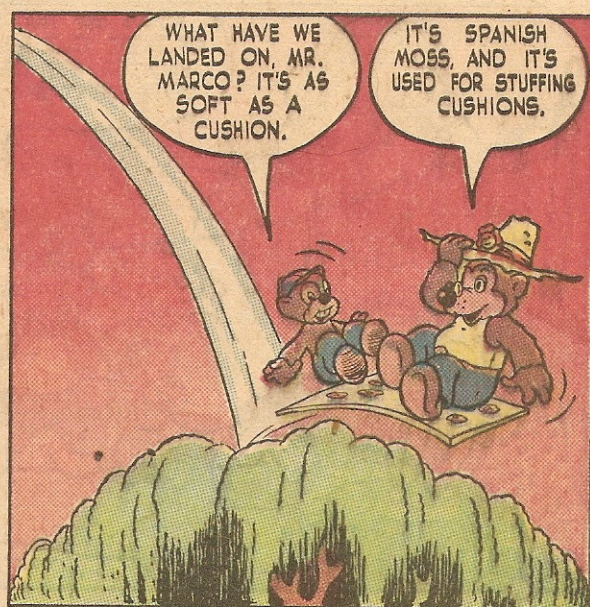
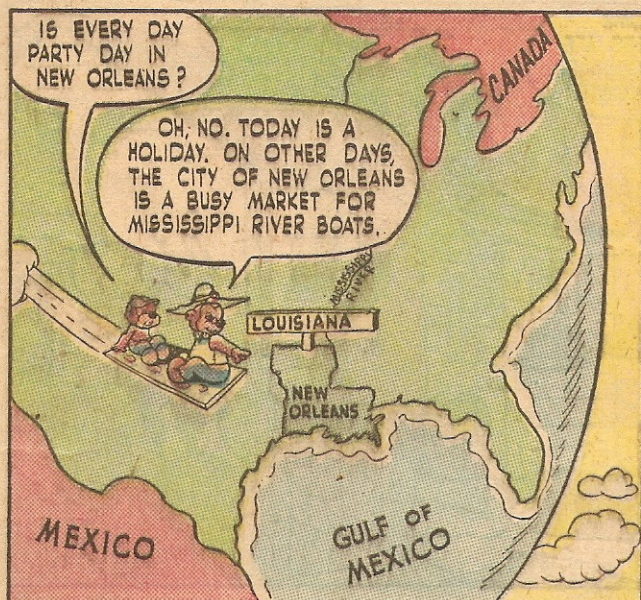


ARE WE INVITED TO A PARTY, BOSS?

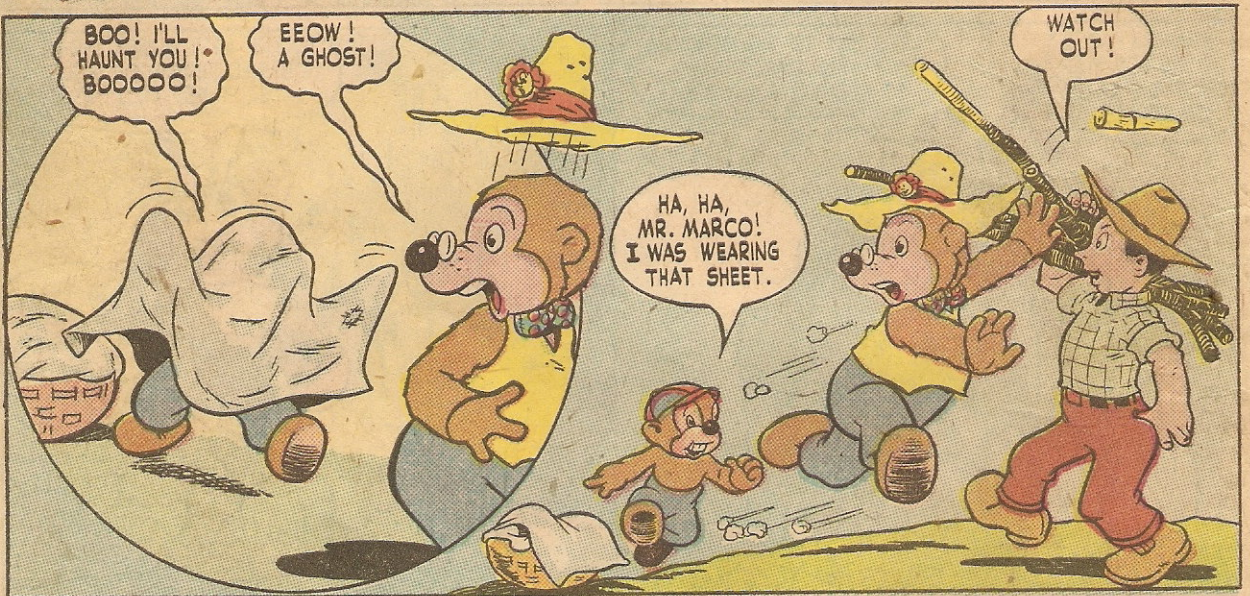
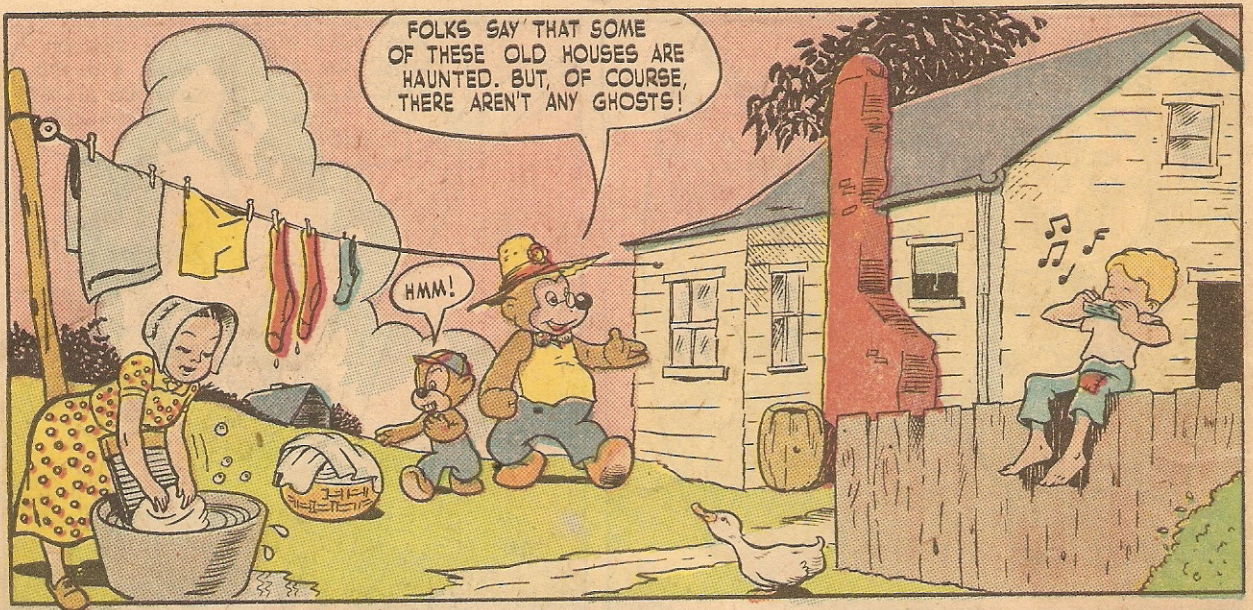
EVERYONE IS WELCOME AT THE NEW ORLEANS MARDI GRAS CARNIVAL DOWN SOUTH IN LOUISIANA.



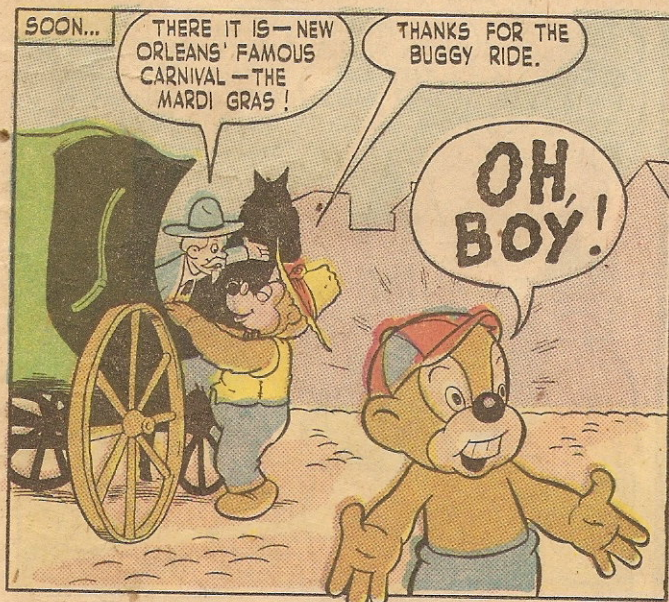
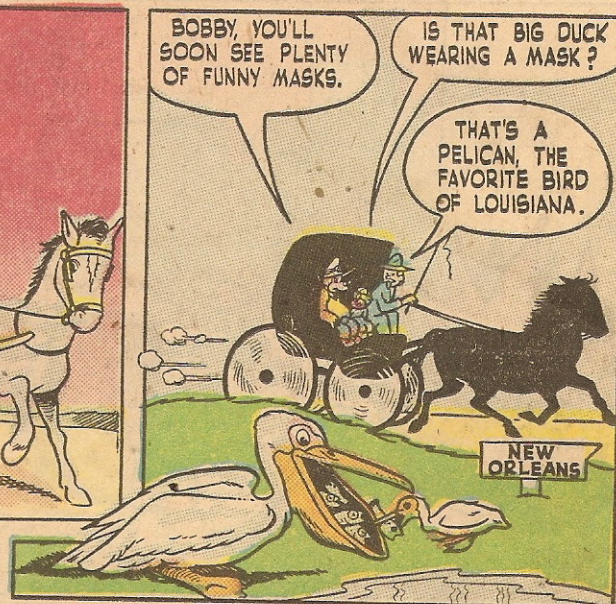
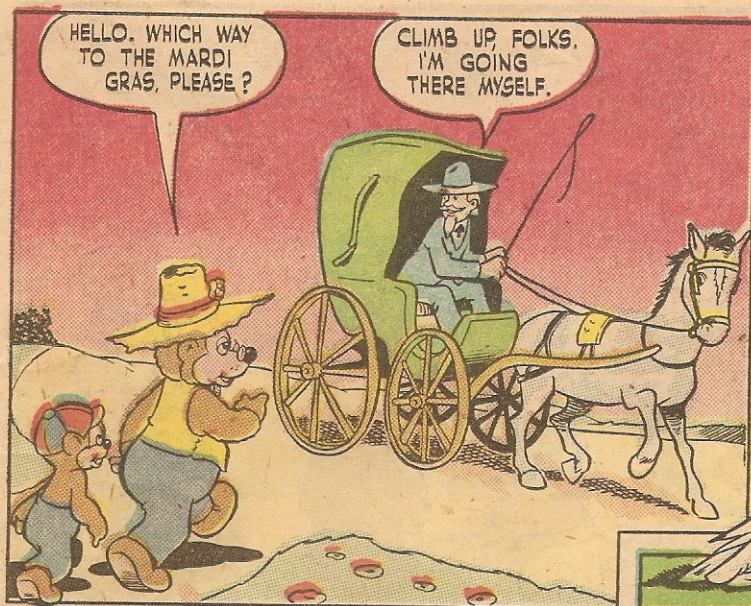




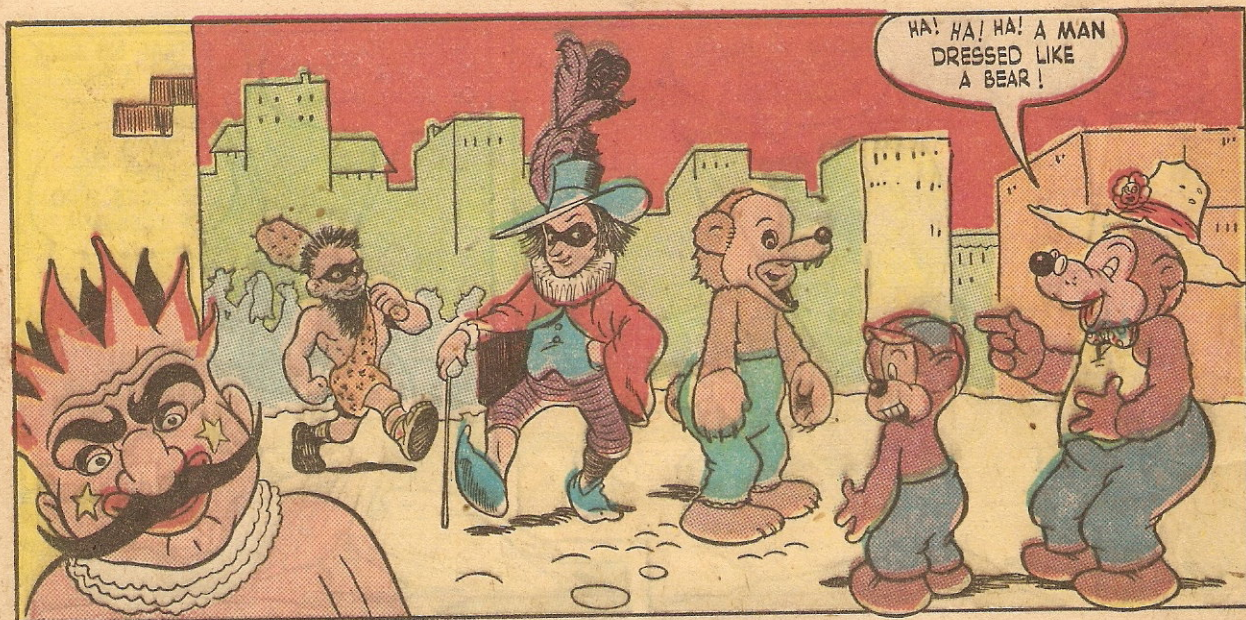






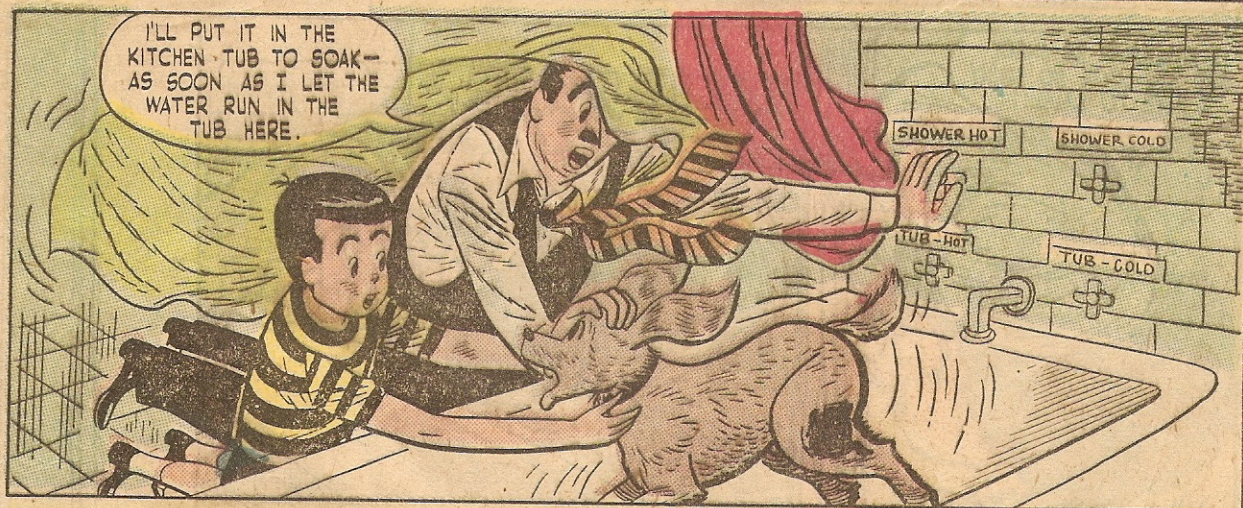
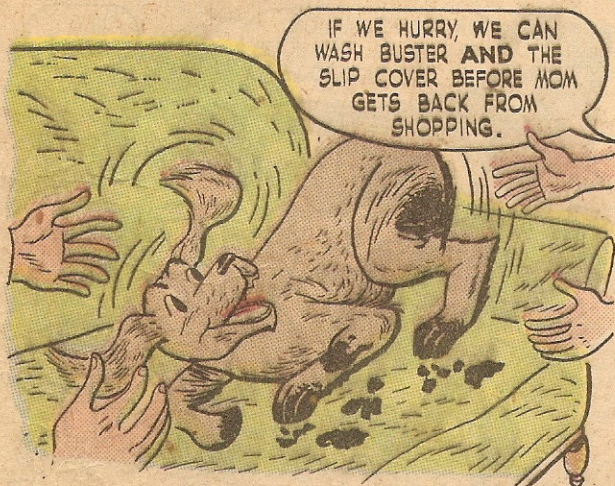
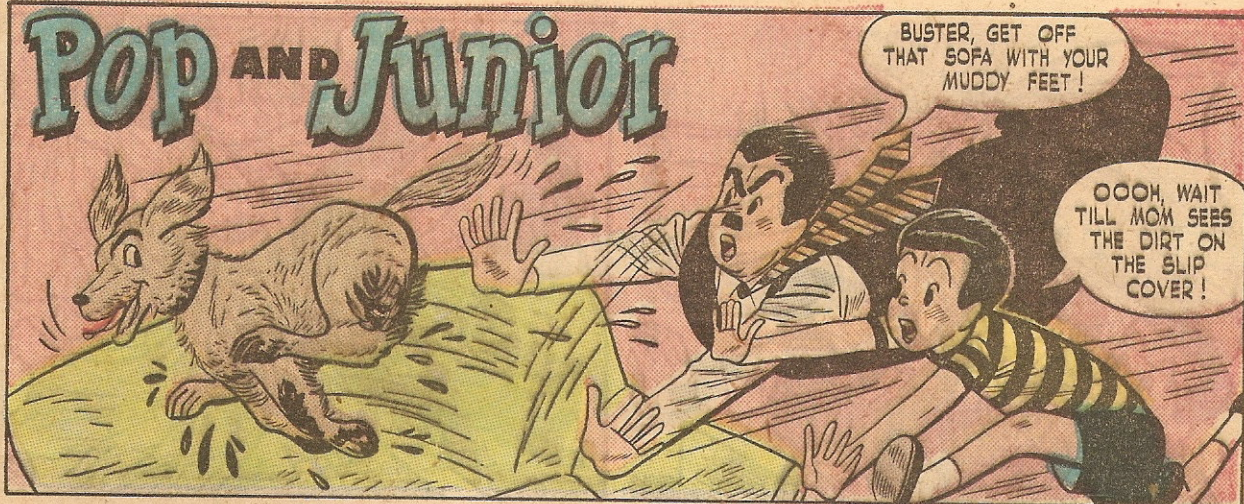








# Pop AND Junior



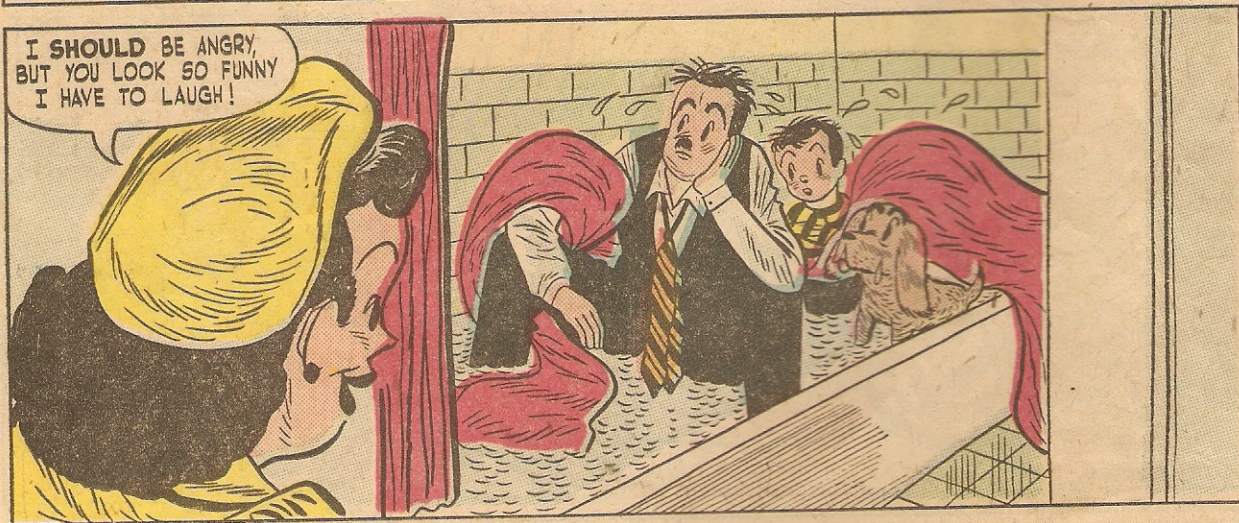
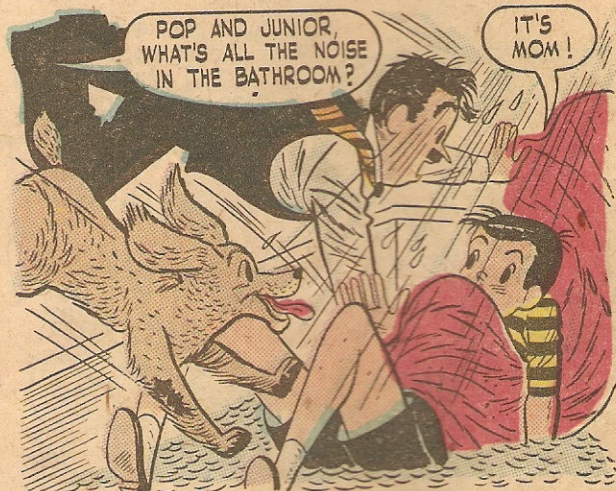
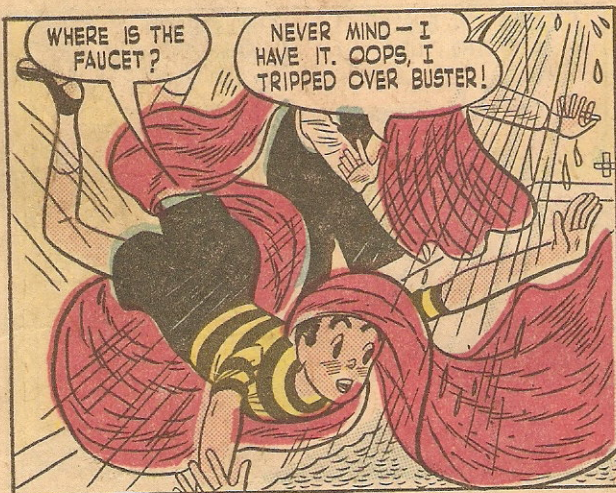
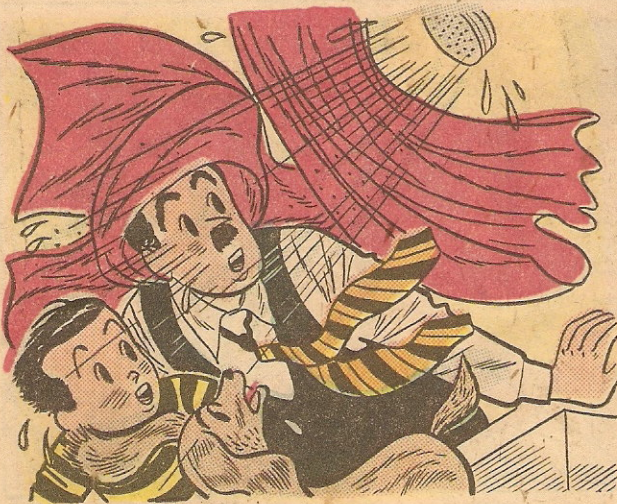
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CAK 17



# RIDDLES RIDDLES RIDDLES RIDDLES RIDDLES RIDDLES RIDDLES RIDDLES



What did one carrot say to another carrot?  
Nothing, silly! Carrots can't talk.

*Patricia Ann High  
Elwood, Ind.*

Why are laws like the ocean?  
The most trouble is caused by the breakers.

*John Paul Hanley  
Paoli, Pa.*

There were nine brothers and each one had a sister. How many children were there in the family?  
Ten—nine boys and a girl.

*Susan Frazier  
Pelham Manor, N. Y.*

What did one wall say to the other wall?  
I'll meet you at the corner.

*William Thompson  
Angleton, Tex.*

Two people were crossing a bridge. One was the father of the other one's son. How were they related?

Husband and wife.

*Dorothy Glover  
New York, N. Y.*

What animals do ladies often keep in their bedroom?

Mules (a certain kind of slipper).

*Gilbert Nakayama  
Kealahakua, Kona, Hawaii*

How long will it take a rat to carry off a hundred ears of corn if it carries three ears every night?

A hundred nights. It carries one ear of corn and its own ears on its head.

*William D. Rowland  
Whitesville, Ky.*

When is water like a tiger?  
When it makes a spring.

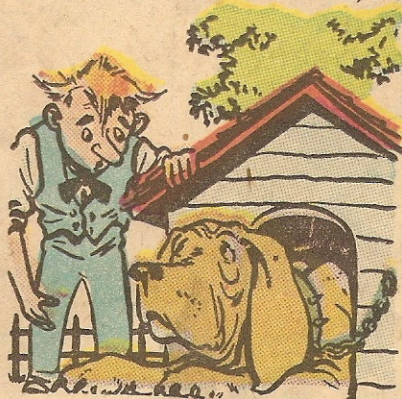
*Linda Grace Summer  
Bronx, N. Y.*



How did the sailor know that there was a man in the moon?

He went to see (sea).

*Hilnard Haininger  
La Salle, Ill.*



Why did the little moron ask the dog what time it was?

Because it was a watch dog.

*Jean Sorrell  
Dunn, N. C.*



Three men were under an umbrella. None of them got wet. How did they do it?

It wasn't raining.

*Mary Lou Elliott  
Toronto, Ont., Can.*

What has feet but no toes?

A ruler.

*Lars Williams  
Monticello, Me.*

If you were playing hide-and-seek, what four letters would you say when you found someone hiding?

O.I.C.U.

*Patricia Omph  
Ridge, W. Va.*

Why is a jailer like a piano player?

Because he fingers the keys.

*Joanne Alson  
Coleraine, Minn.*

What has a mouth but never speaks, and a bed but never sleeps in it?

A river.

*Kathryn Londerback  
Arkansas City, Kan.*

Do you know why the moron took cream and sugar to the movies with him?

Because he heard there was a good cereal (serial).

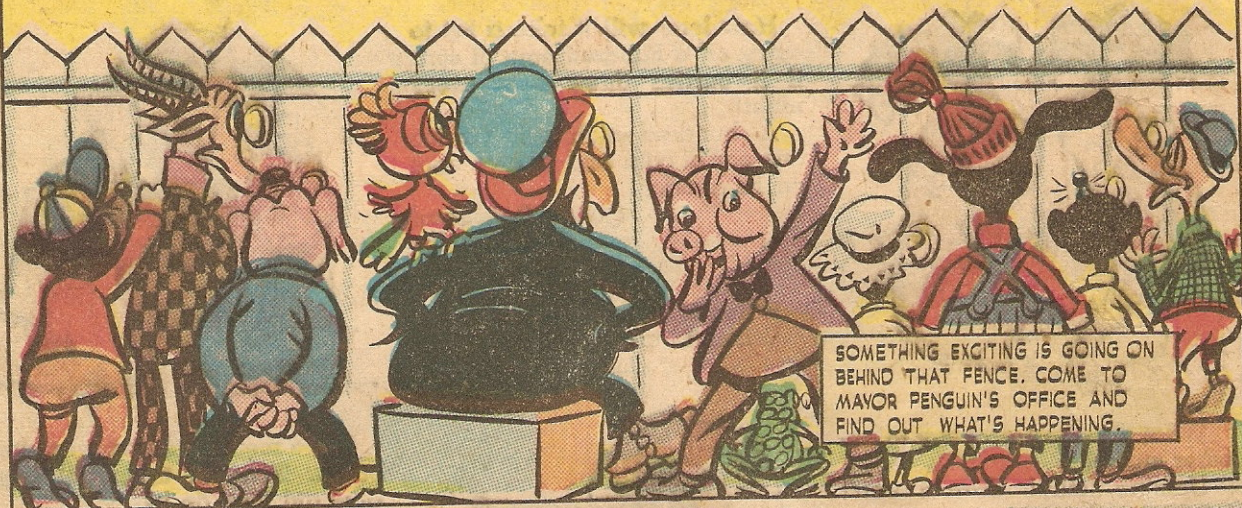
*Edward Gay  
Amherst, Mass.*



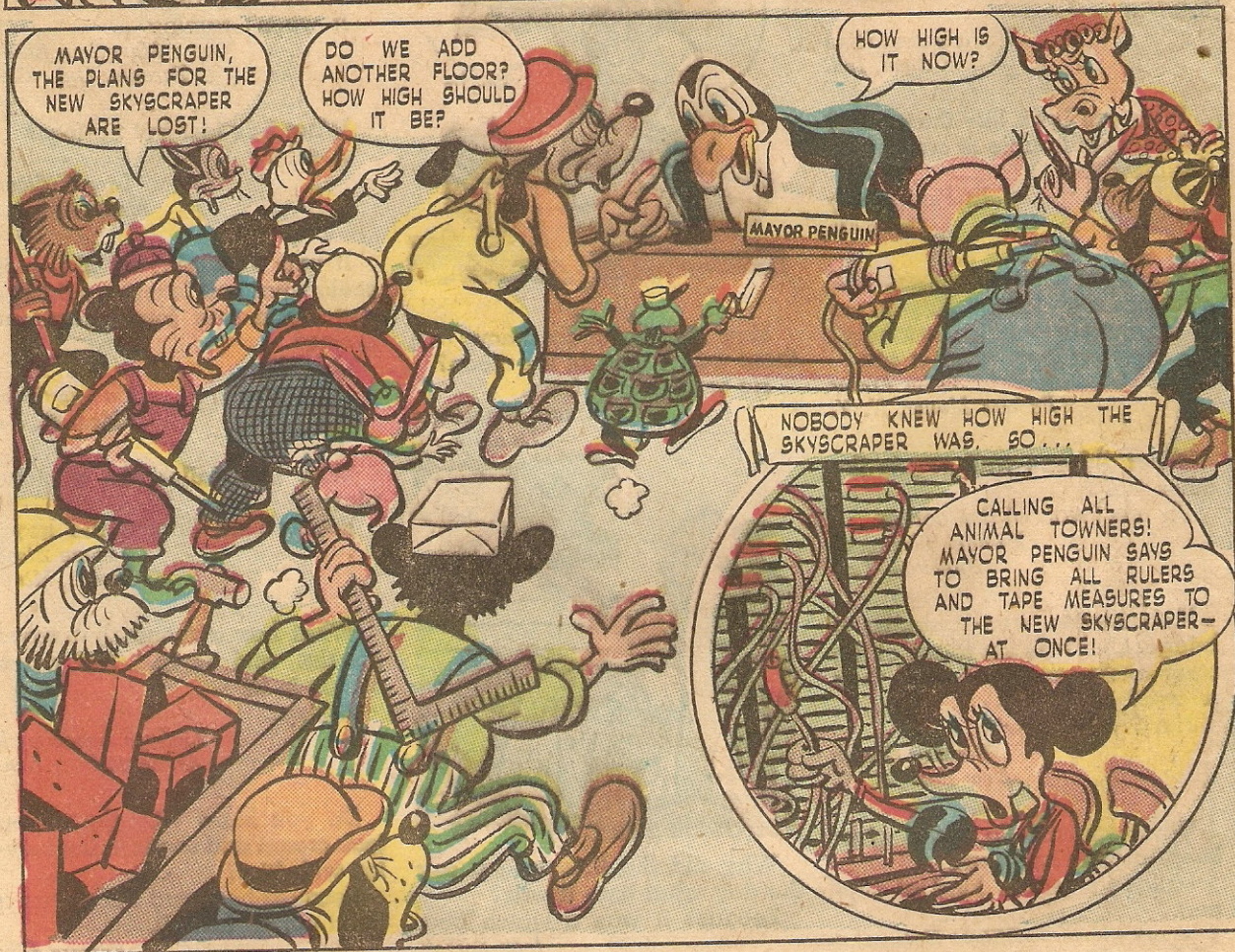


# The Mayor of Animal Town **PADDY PENGUIN**

in "How High is It?"



SOMETHING EXCITING IS GOING ON BEHIND THAT FENCE. COME TO MAYOR PENGUIN'S OFFICE AND FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING.



MAYOR PENGUIN, THE PLANS FOR THE NEW SKYSCRAPER ARE LOST!

DO WE ADD ANOTHER FLOOR? HOW HIGH SHOULD IT BE?

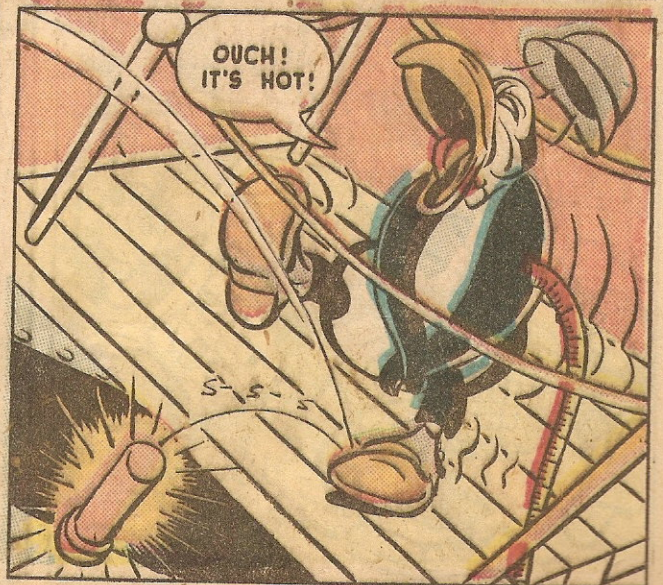
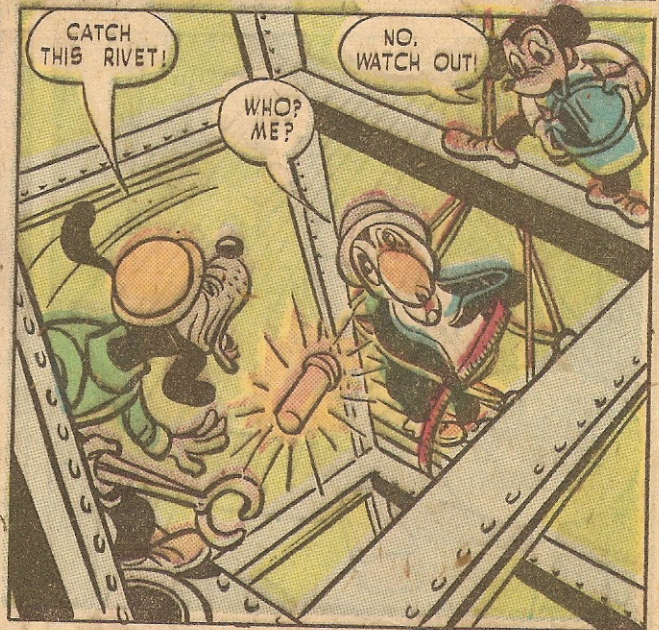
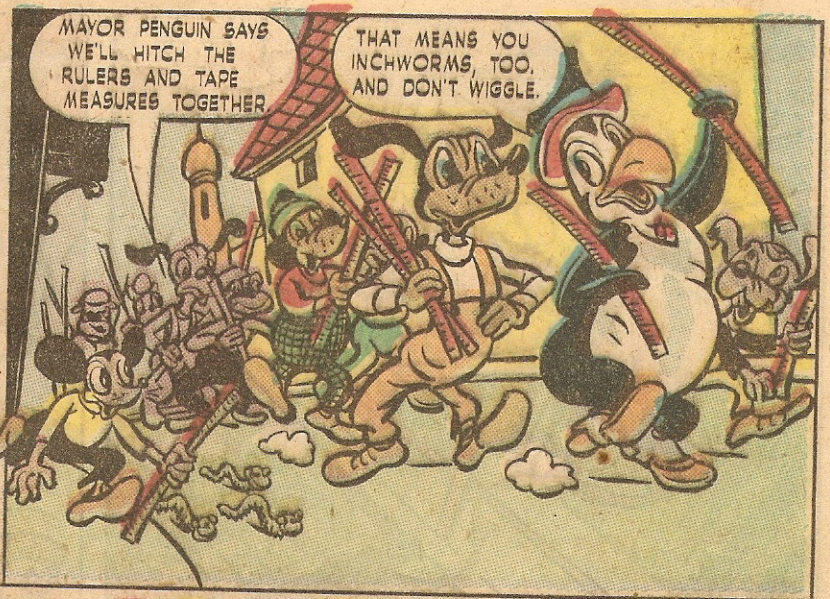
HOW HIGH IS IT NOW?

MAYOR PENGUIN

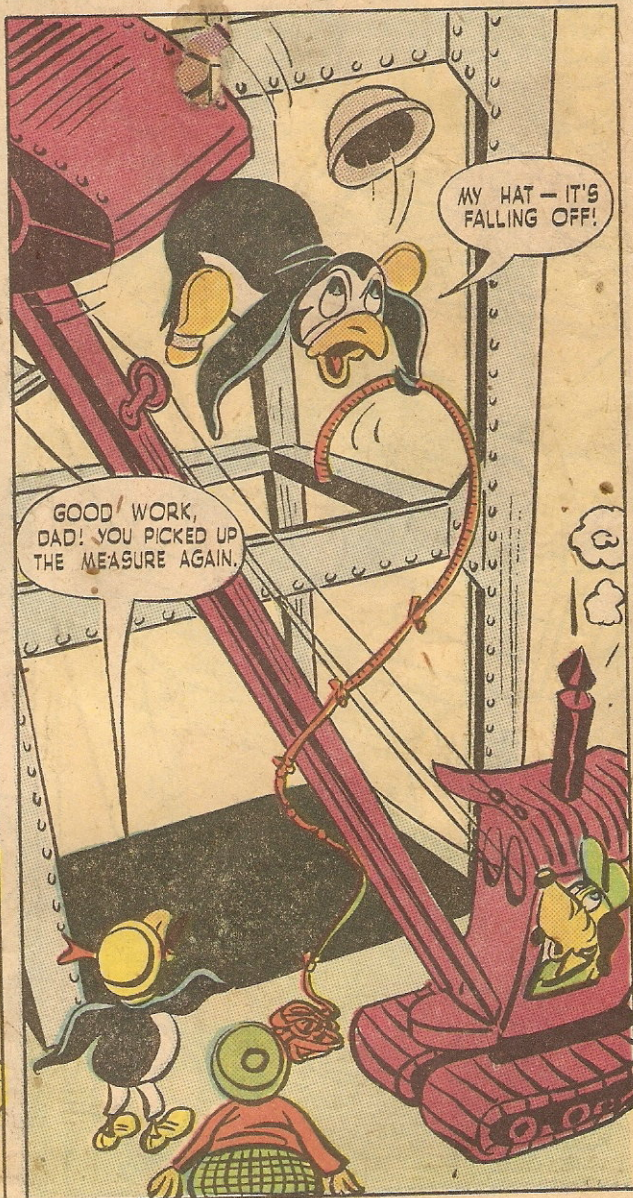
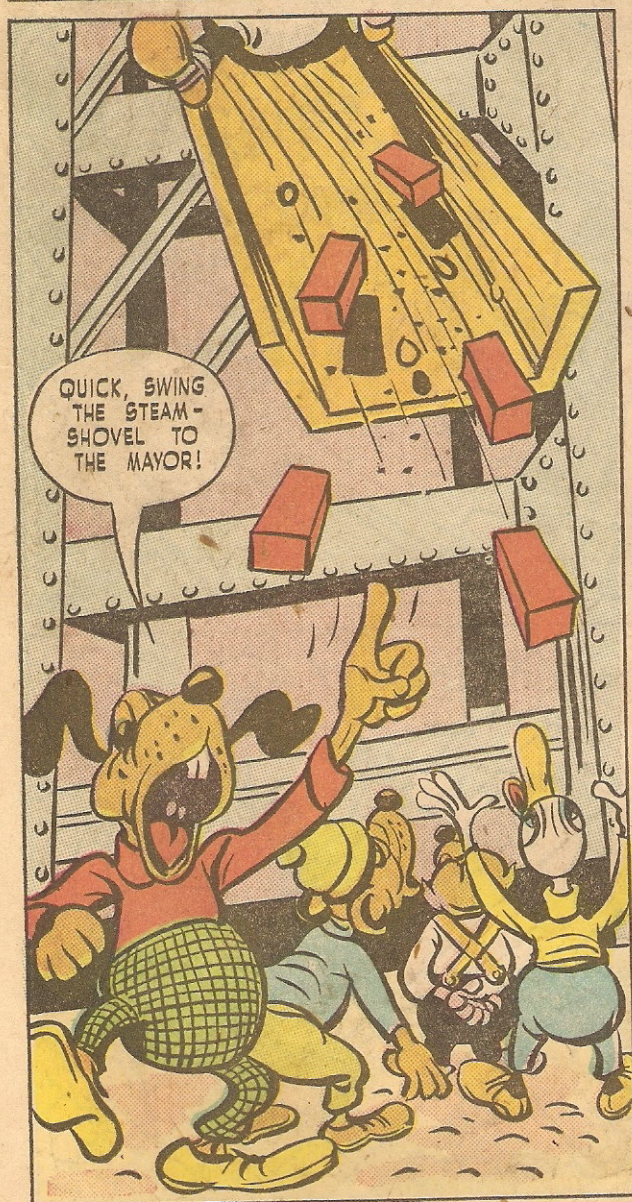
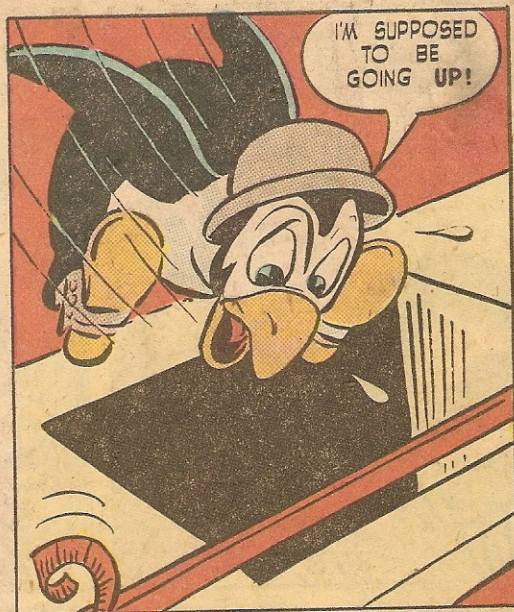
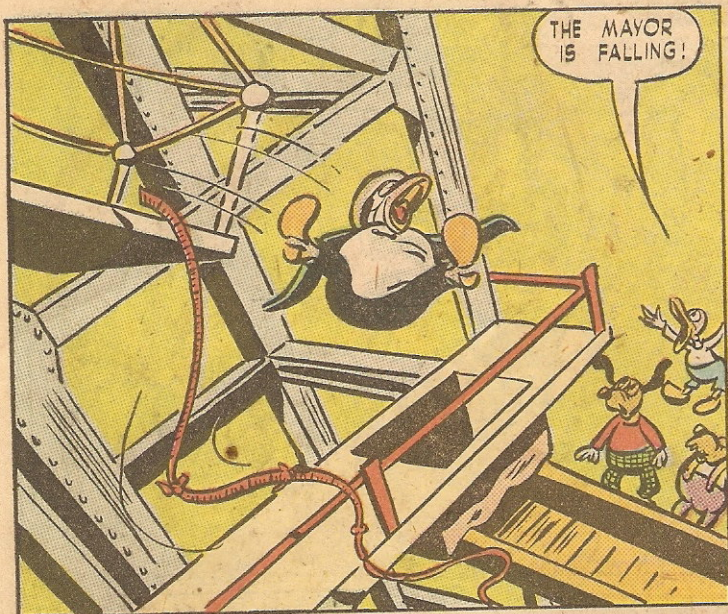
NOBODY KNEW HOW HIGH THE SKYSCRAPER WAS. SO...

CALLING ALL ANIMAL TOWNERS! MAYOR PENGUIN SAYS TO BRING ALL RULERS AND TAPE MEASURES TO THE NEW SKYSCRAPER—AT ONCE!

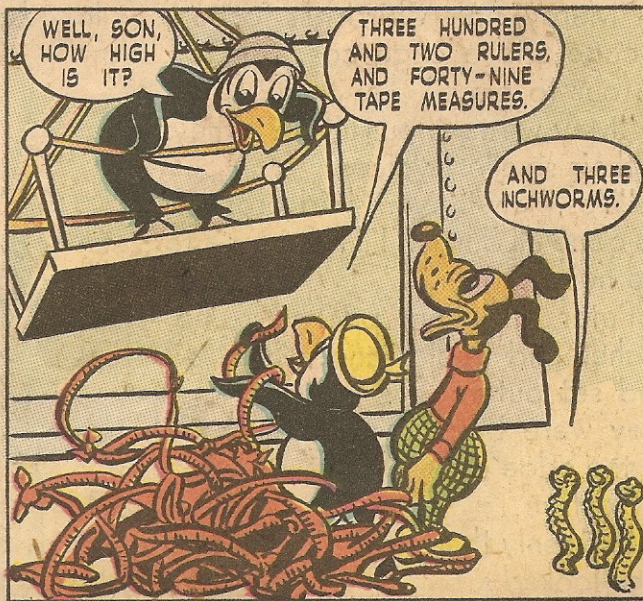
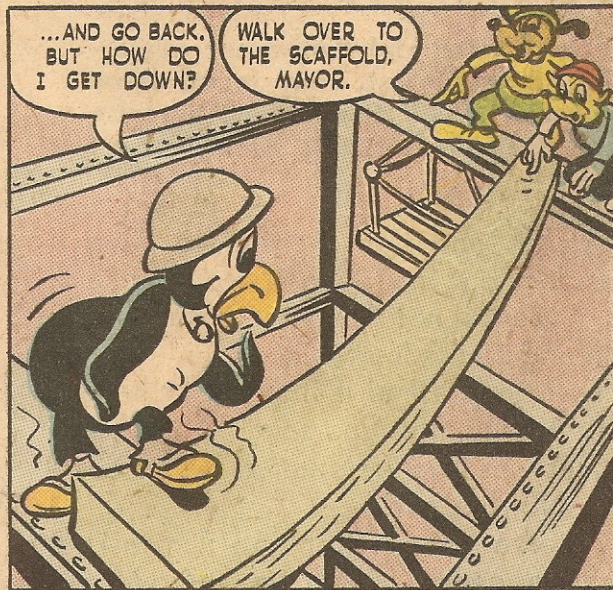
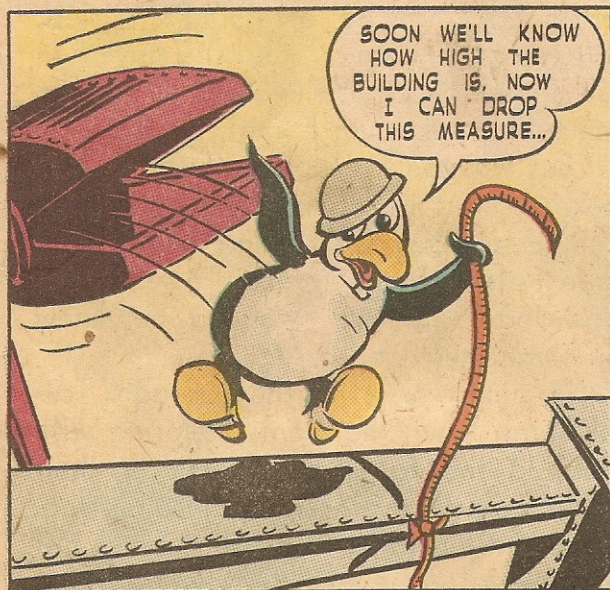
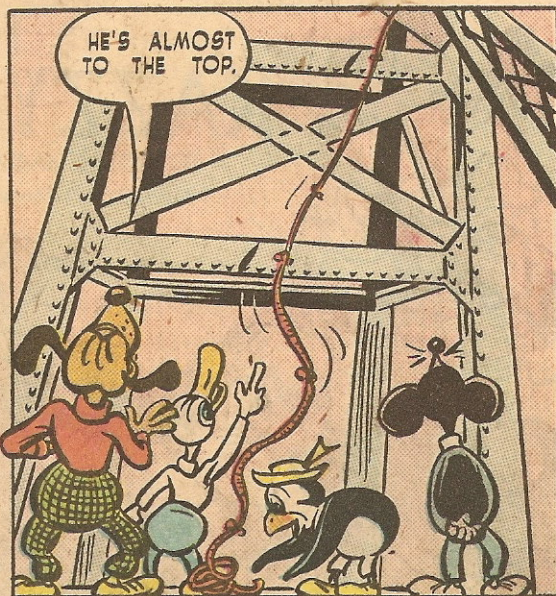
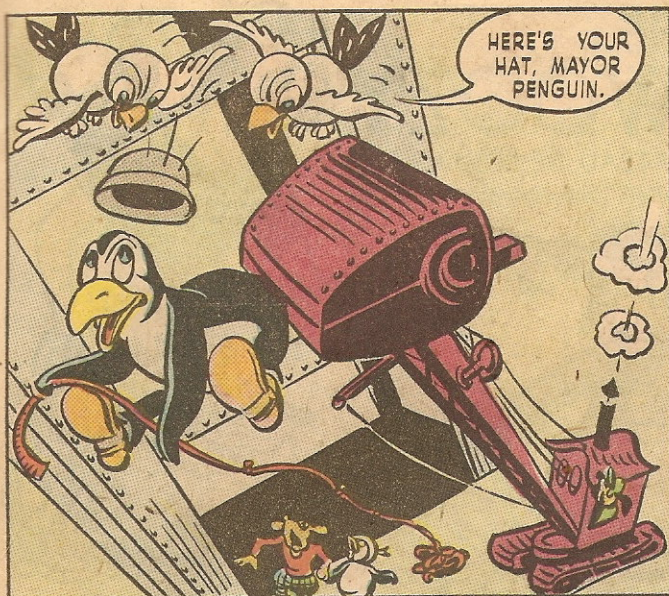






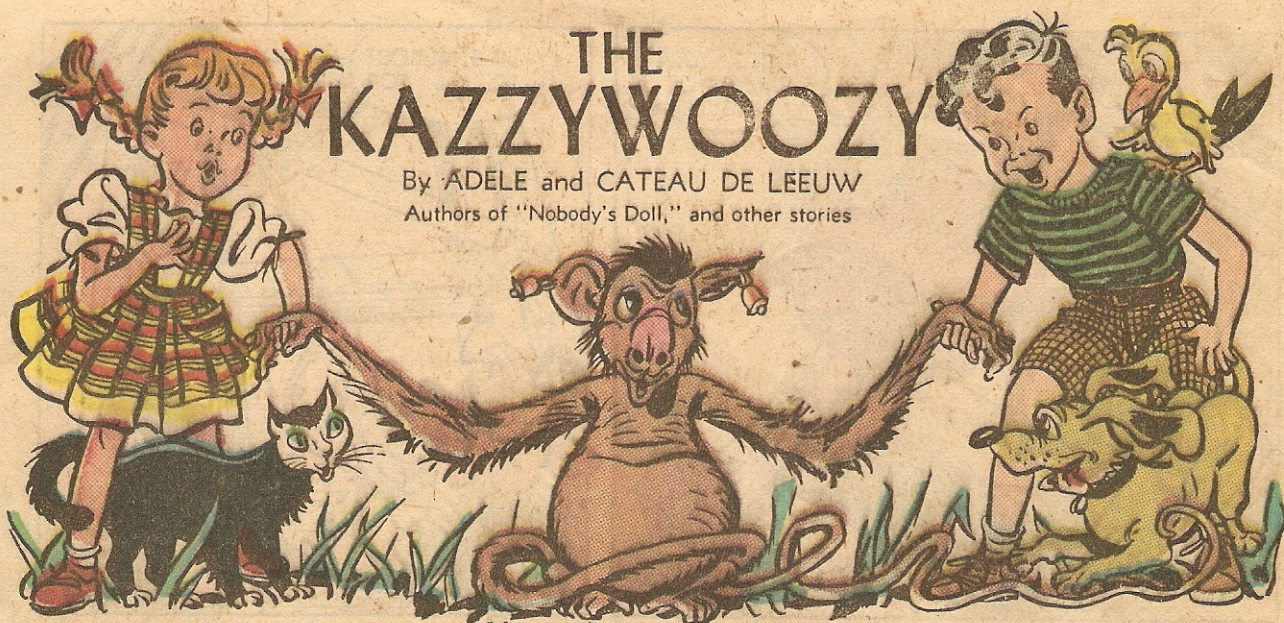






AS THE CROWDS WATCHED BELOW, MAYOR PADDY PENGUIN REACHED THE SCAFFOLD AND RODE DOWN.





# THE KAZZYWOOZY

By ADELE and CATEAU DE LEEUW  
Authors of "Nobody's Doll," and other stories

**When Peter and Pam went exploring in the forest, they found some surprises. And the biggest surprise was their remarkable Kazywoozzy!**

PETER and Pam wanted to have a dog, but their long-nosed aunt said, "Mercy, no! A dog scratches furniture and tracks in mud!"

Then they asked if they might have a cat. "Mercy, no!" she said. "A cat tears up curtains and gets her claws in cushions. No! No cat!"

After a while, Peter and Pam asked, "Auntie, couldn't we have a bird?"

"Mercy, no! A bird has to be kept in a cage and a cage costs money. Now go out to play."

"May we take our lunch?" they asked in their smallest voices.

"Yes," their aunt said crossly. "And be gone all day, so I'll have time to clean the house again."

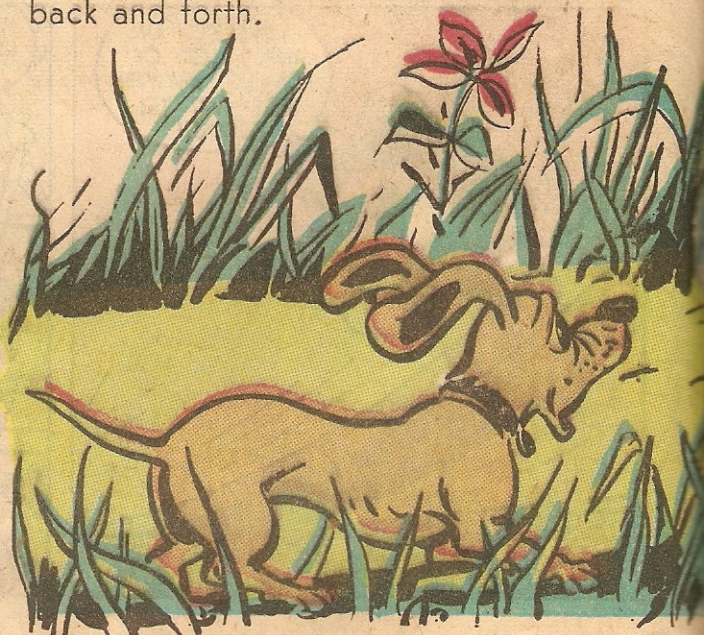
Peter and Pam packed some sandwiches and apples and milk in a basket and set out for the forest. As soon as they were beyond sight of their house at the edge of the forest, they sat under a big tree.

Suddenly there was a funny sound and they looked around. A little dog on wobbly legs came up and sniffed at their

food. "Look how he totters!" Pam cried. "He must be hungry." And she gave him half her sandwich as she said, "Oh, if we could only take him home!"

"But we can't," replied Peter. "Let's make a house for him here under the tree. Every day we'll bring him food." Then Peter called, "Here, Totter!" The little dog came right away, so they knew his name must be Totter.

The next day, after they brought Totter some lunch, he went exploring with them in the forest. Suddenly his hair bristled and he stared up into a tree. There, on a branch, was a tiny black cat with big green eyes. He was teetering back and forth.





"I'll rescue him," said Peter bravely, and he climbed the tree, crawled out on the branch, and carried the cat down.

"Wasn't it awful the way he teetered up there on that branch?" asked Pam.

"Teeter!" exclaimed her brother. "That's a good name for him. We'll build a house for Teeter and bring him milk every day."

Then Peter and Pam and Totter and Teeter went exploring in the forest. Suddenly, a tiny bird flew down and perched on Peter's shoulder.

"Oh, if we could only keep it!" Pam cried. "It twitters so sweetly."

"We'll call it Twitter," Peter decided. "But I don't know how to build a cage, and if we leave it here it might be gone when we come back."

Just then they heard a pitiful noise nearby. They ran to see what it was. It was the strangest animal they had ever seen! It had grey fur and purple eyes and a pink nose. One ear was round and one was pointed. From each ear hung a little bell. The queer animal's front legs were



In the forest they saw the strangest animal they had ever seen. Its front legs were long and its hind legs were short. "My tail's caught," he said.



very long and its hind legs were very short. Its tail was very, **very** long, and curled around a big tree branch.

"What is the matter?" Pam asked.

The animal replied, "My tail's caught."

"I'll get you loose," Peter said. He climbed the tree and unwound the tail.

"Thank you," said the animal. "Can I do something to help **you**?"

"How could an animal help **us**?"

"I'm not just an animal," the animal replied. "I'm a Kazywoozy."

"A—a what?"

"Kaz-zy-woo-zy," he repeated slowly.

"That's such a long name," Pam said.

"Then call me Nookerwookus. My friends call me Nookerwookus for short."

"Noo-ker-woo-kus," Pam replied. "But that's as long as Kazywoozy."

"Just the same, my name is Kazywoozy, and Nookerwookus for short."

"Why," asked Peter, "are your front legs long and your hind legs short?"

"So I can sit in a chair, of course," Kazywoozy said. "But I'd rather walk."

"Then let's all go exploring," Peter said, eagerly. So he and Pam and Totter and Teeter and Kazywoozy set out. "But first we must find a cage for Twitter."

"I can make one in two shakes of a Kazywoozy's tail," Kazywoozy said. And he pulled a few twigs off the branches above him, stripped off the bark, and braided it into a little cage with a door.

Twitter hopped into the cage. Then Kazywoozy hung the bird cage on the curl at the end of his tail, and walked along with his tail straight up in the air.

All at once Peter noticed it was late. "We'll have to go home," he said.

"We'll come, too," Kazywoozy said.

"Oh, no, you mustn't," Pam said in distress. "Auntie doesn't like dogs or cats or birds or—or you."

"How do you know that auntie doesn't like me? She's never seen a Kazywoozy. Come, we'll all go home with you."

So Trotter and Teeter and Twitter and Kazywoozy went along with Peter and Pam to their neat little house.

"Good evening," said Kazywoozy when the long-nosed aunt opened the door. "I brought your children home, and I came along with some friends. I'm sure you will welcome them."

"What are **you**?" said the aunt.

"I'm a Kazywoozy, but you may call me Nookerwookus for short. Ah, I can see that you are a smart woman."

"You can?" she asked, "How?"

"Because," Kazywoozy said, "you have a long nose. Only the smartest people have long noses."

"Come in," said their aunt.

"Oh, I can't come in," Kazywoozy explained, "unless my friends come with me. I brought them because I knew that anyone as smart as you are would want a watchdog to guard your beautiful house; and a cat to keep mice away from your spotless kitchen; and a bird—in a cage, of course—to add just the right note of color to your window."

When he finished talking, Kazywoozy hung the bird cage in the window. Then he sat down on one of the aunt's best chairs—hind legs on the seat and fore legs on the floor. Totter curled up on the hearth. Teeter scampered off to the kitchen to see if there were mice. Twitter sang in the cage.

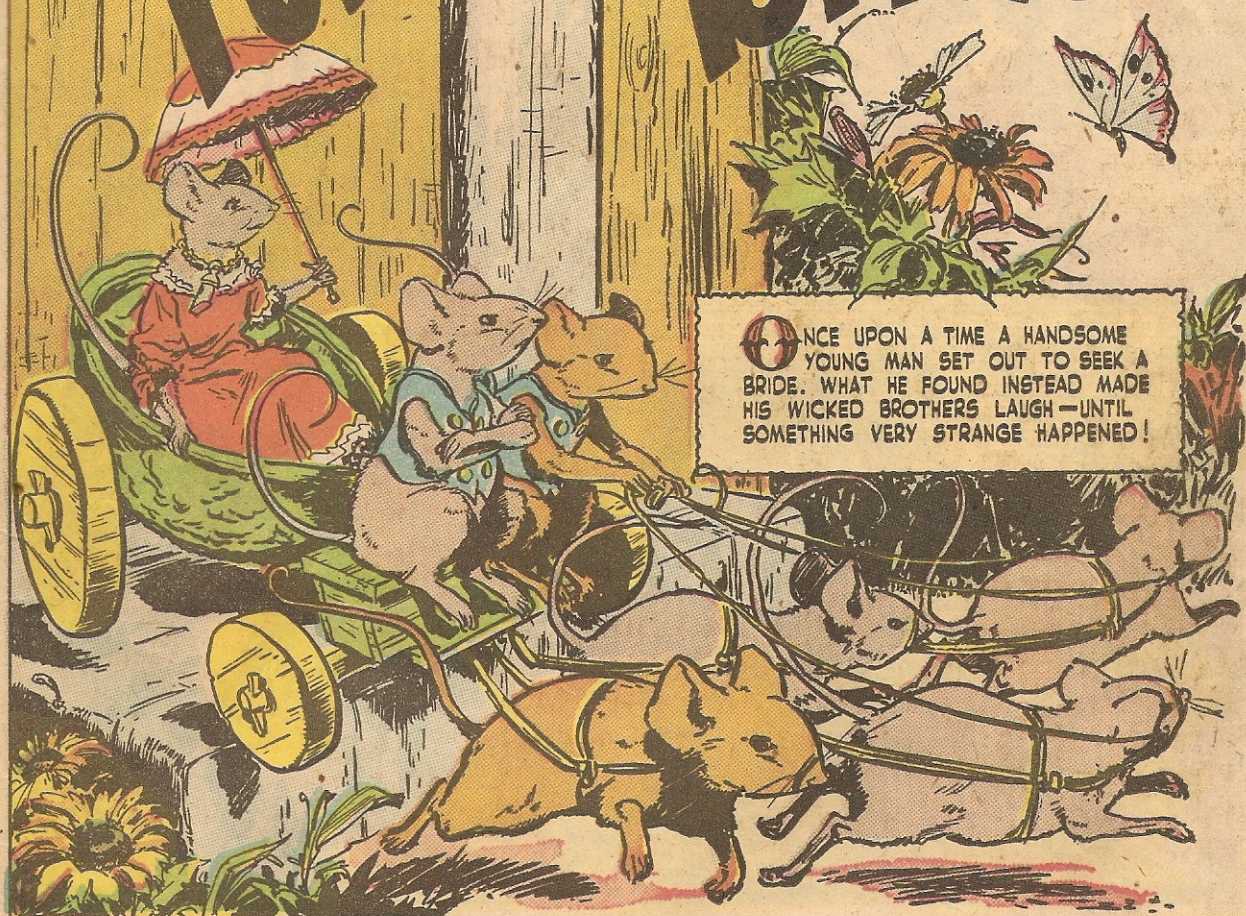
"Well," said the aunt, looking fondly at Kazywoozy, "I never expected to have a Kazywoozy in my house. I'm sure I feel most honored."

"Now," Kazywoozy said to the aunt, "if you'll tie a cloth on my tail, I'll wipe all your picture frames for you. Not that they need it, but I do like to exercise."

Soon Kazywoozy and the aunt were happily cleaning house together, while Peter and Pam and Totter and Teeter and Twitter played on the floor. And they all lived happily together for years and years in the neat little house.



# THE Forest Bride



AN OLD WOODCUTTER TOLD HIS SONS, ONE DAY...

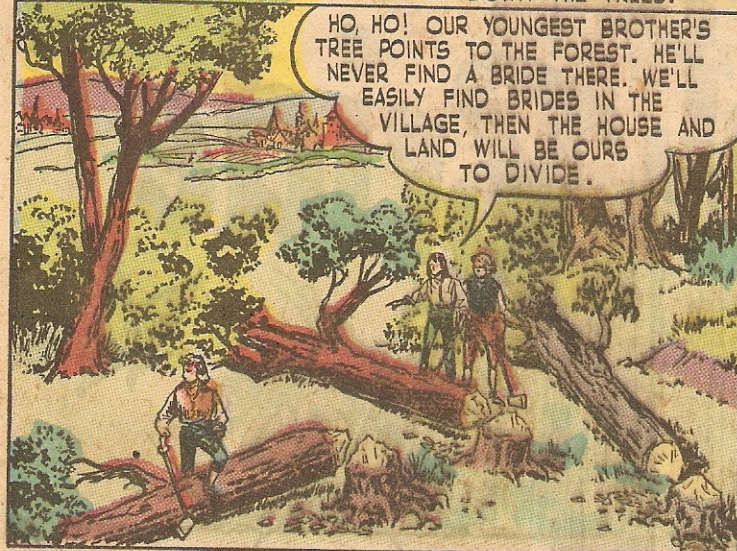


NOW, EACH OF YOU CHOP DOWN A TREE. WHEREVER YOUR TREETOP POINTS, GO IN THAT DIRECTION TO SEEK YOUR BRIDE.





SO THE THREE BROTHERS CHOPPED DOWN THE TREES.



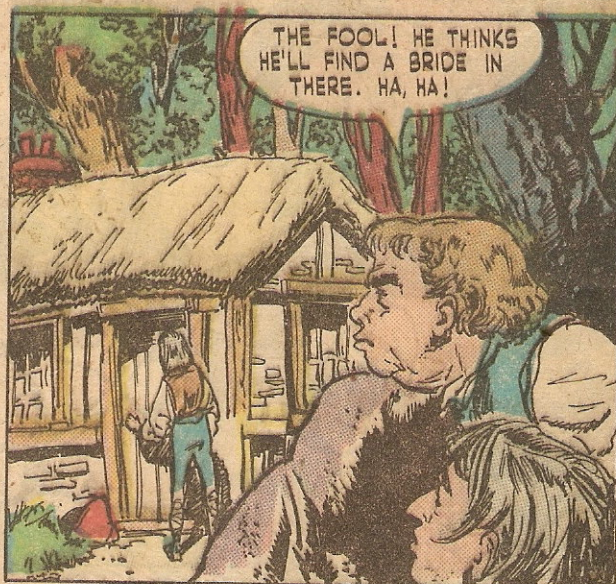
SH! DON'T LET HIM KNOW WE ARE FOLLOWING HIM.



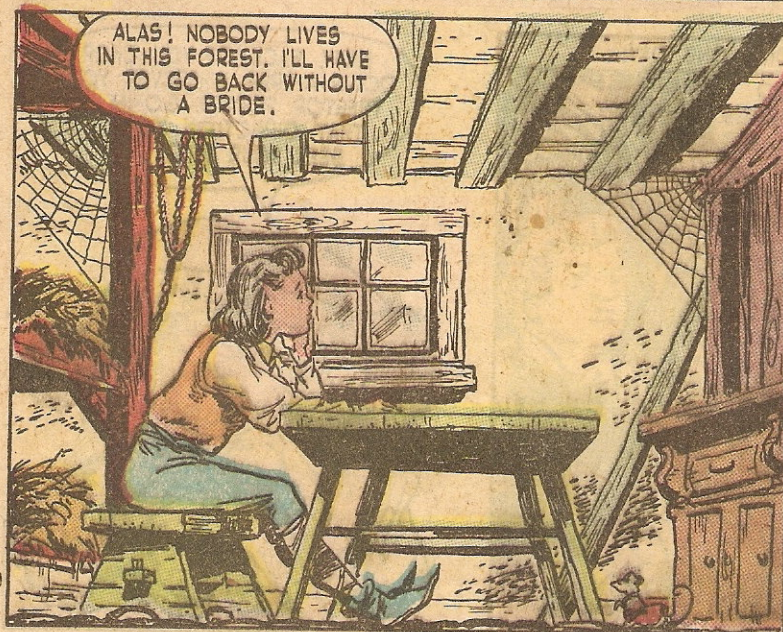
DEEP INTO THE FOREST WALKED THE YOUNGEST BROTHER. AT LAST...



THE FOOL! HE THINKS HE'LL FIND A BRIDE IN THERE. HA, HA!

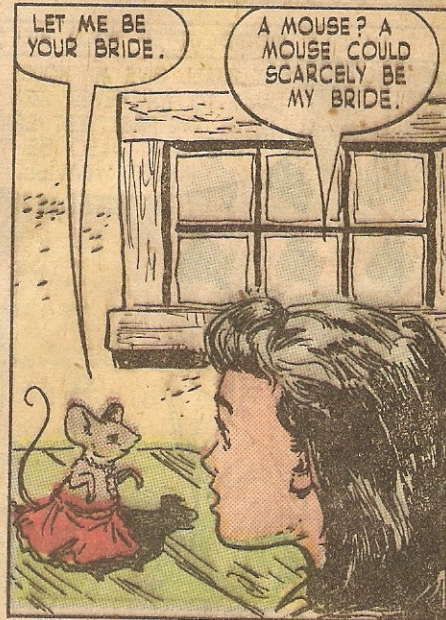


ALAS! NOBODY LIVES IN THIS FOREST. I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK WITHOUT A BRIDE.

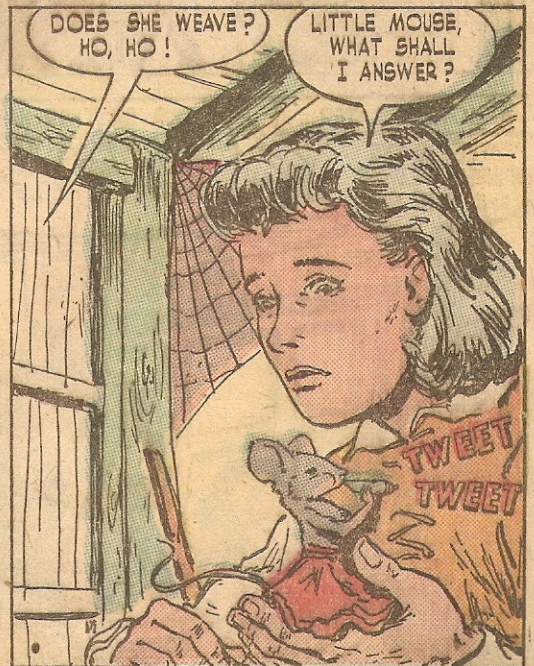
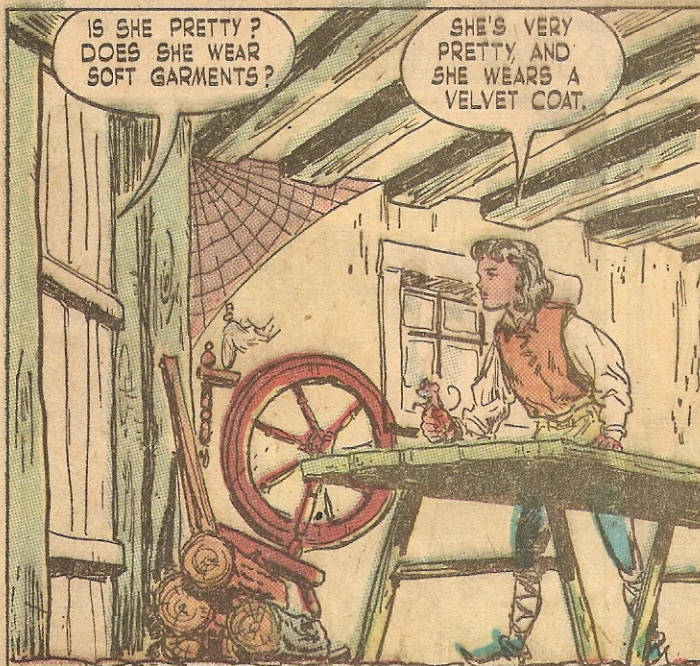
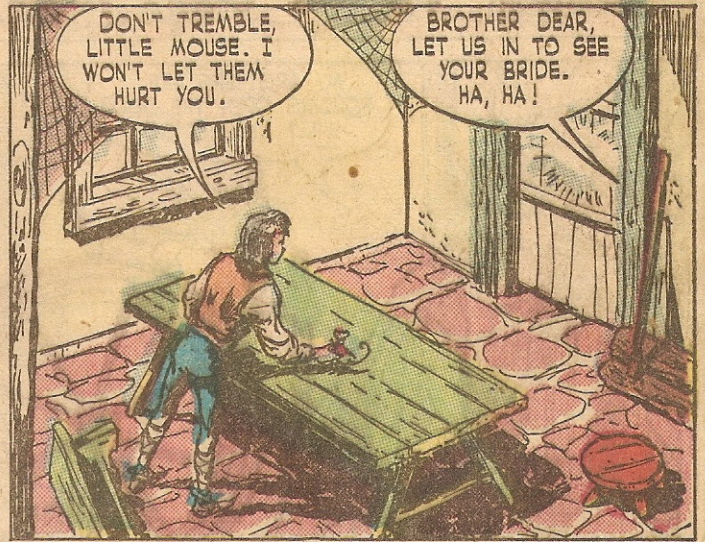
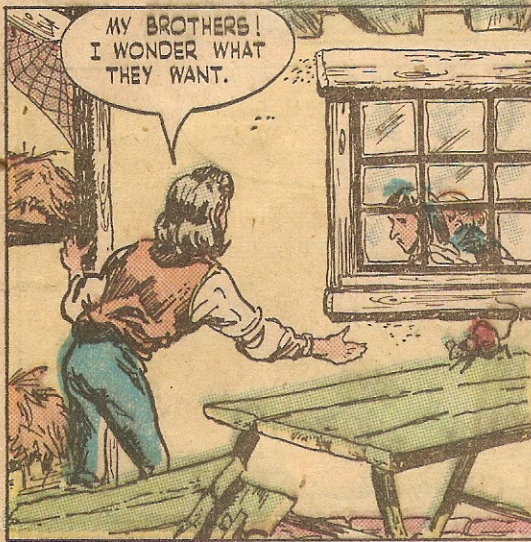
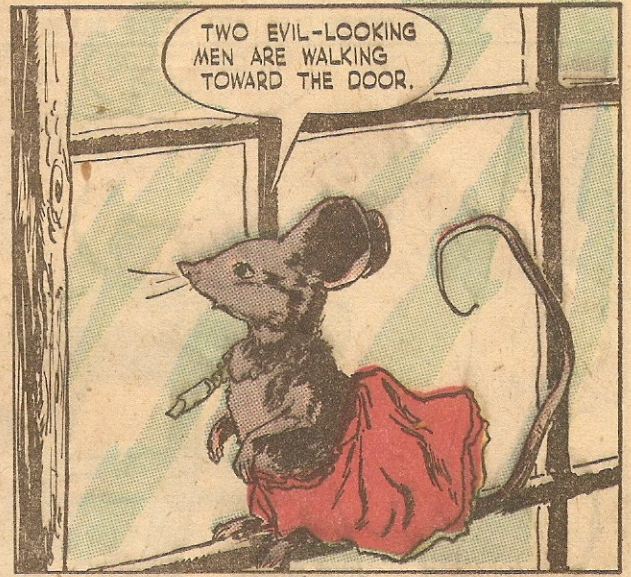
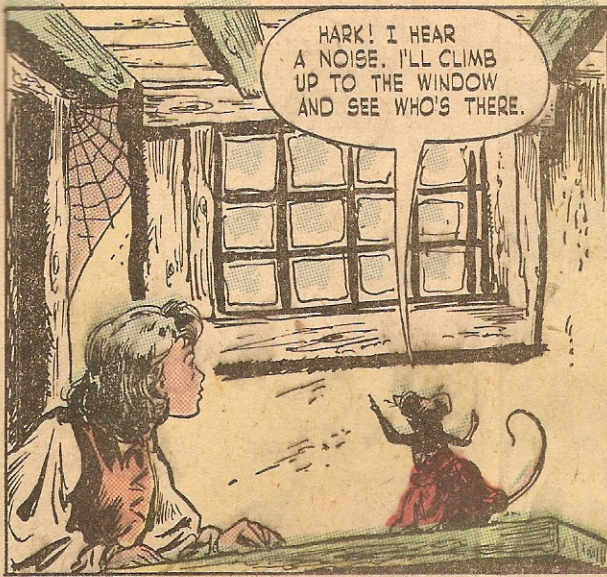


LET ME BE YOUR BRIDE.

A MOUSE? A MOUSE COULD SCARCELY BE MY BRIDE.







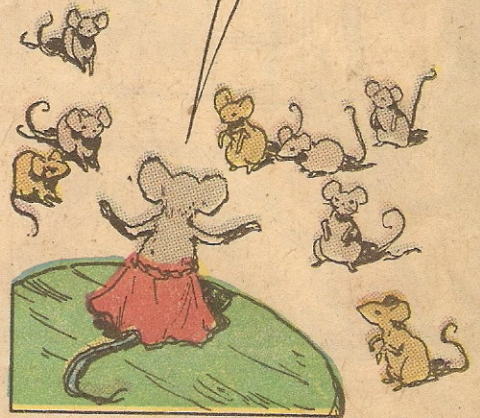
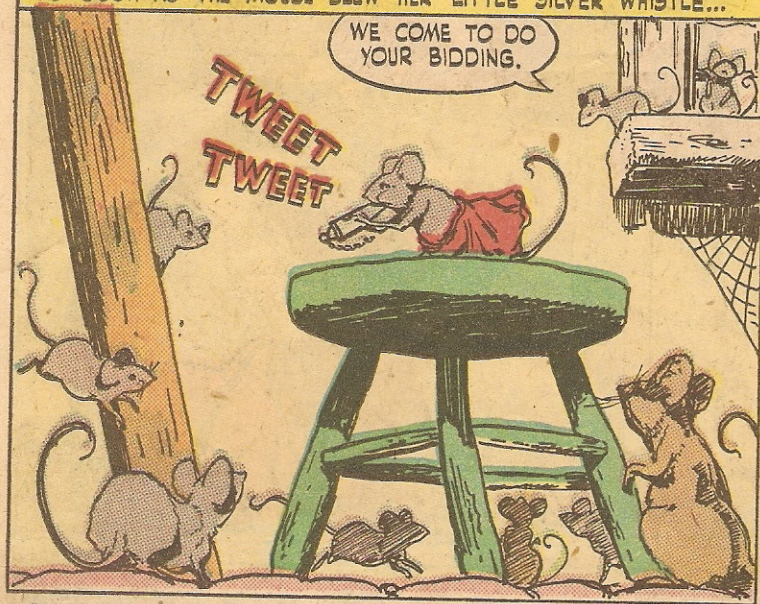


AS SOON AS THE MOUSE BLEW HER LITTLE SILVER WHISTLE...

WE COME TO DO  
YOUR BIDDING.

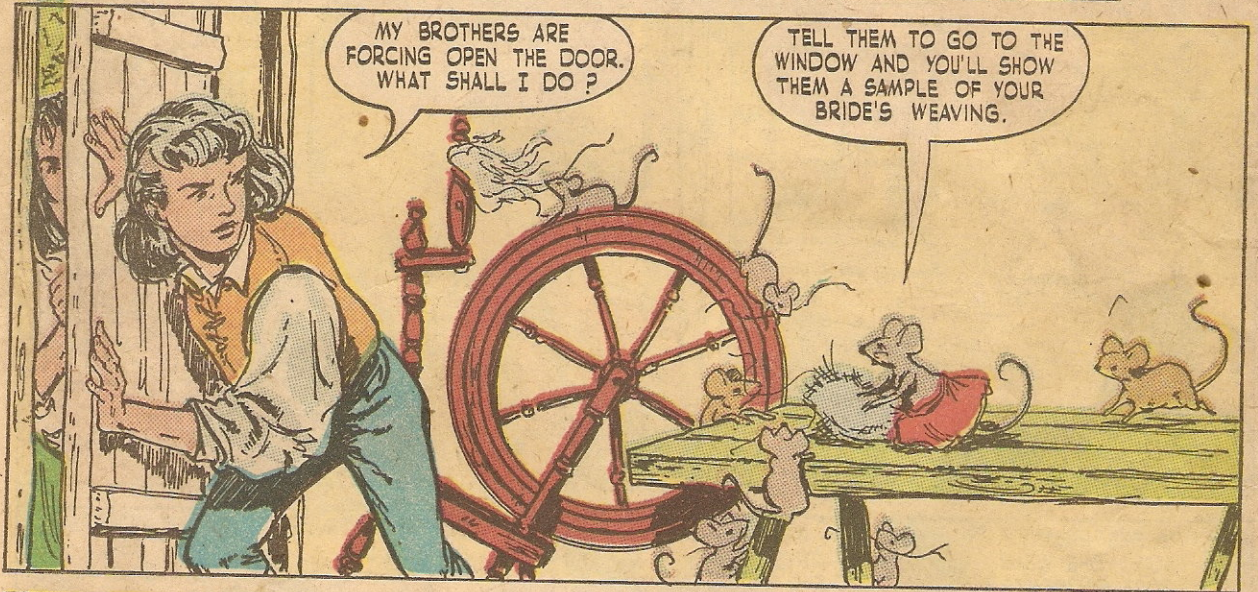
TWEET  
TWEET

EACH OF YOU  
BRING ME A THREAD  
OF THE FINEST FLAX  
FROM THE OLD SPINNING  
WHEEL. HURRY!



MY BROTHERS ARE  
FORCING OPEN THE DOOR.  
WHAT SHALL I DO?

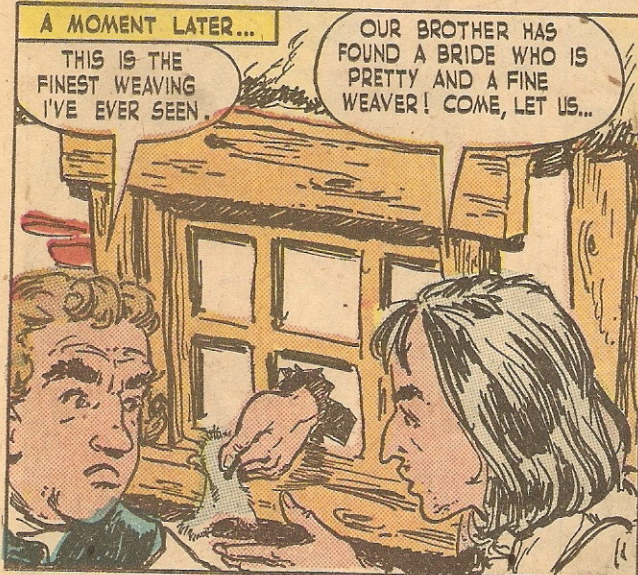
TELL THEM TO GO TO THE  
WINDOW AND YOU'LL SHOW  
THEM A SAMPLE OF YOUR  
BRIDE'S WEAVING.



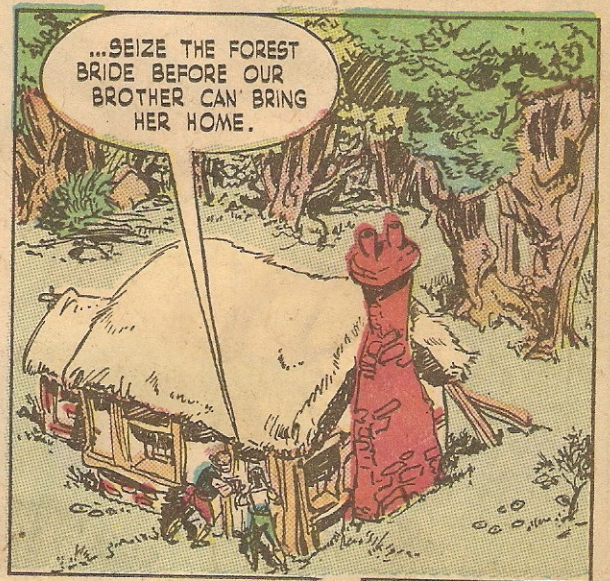
A MOMENT LATER...

THIS IS THE  
FINEST WEAVING  
I'VE EVER SEEN.

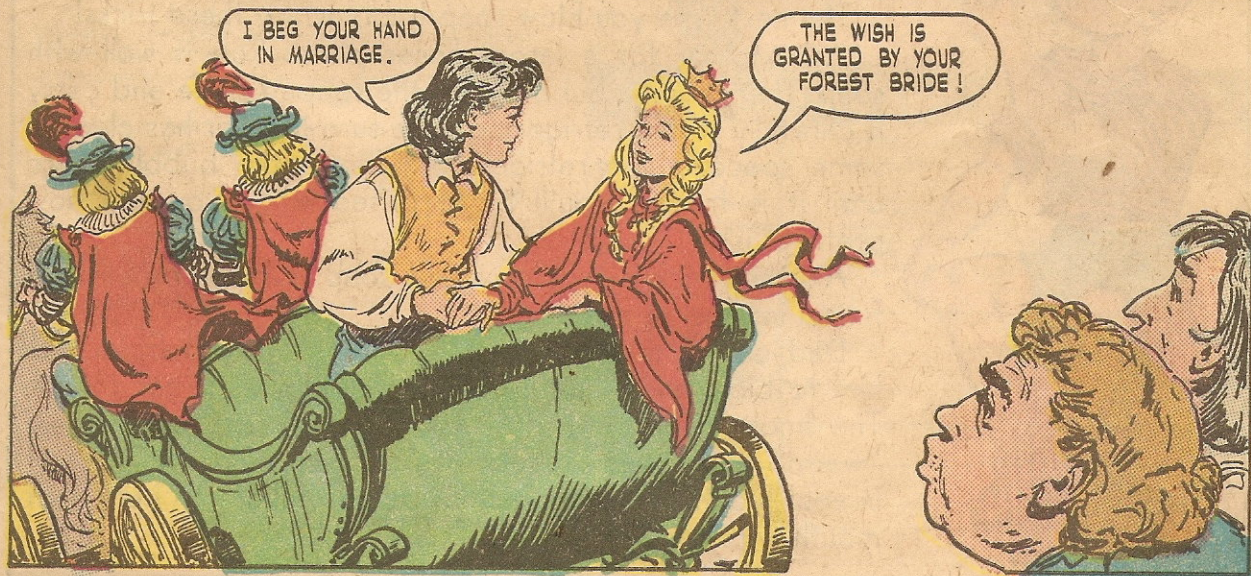
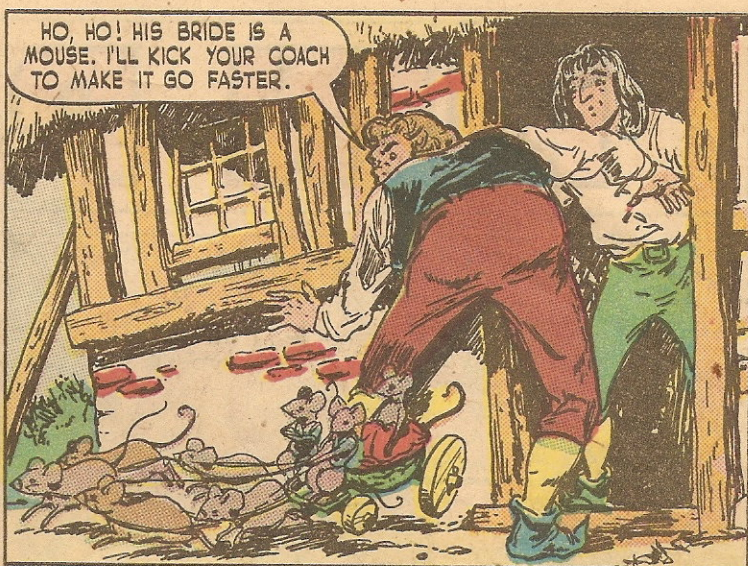
OUR BROTHER HAS  
FOUND A BRIDE WHO IS  
PRETTY AND A FINE  
WEAVER! COME, LET US...



...SEIZE THE FOREST  
BRIDE BEFORE OUR  
BROTHER CAN BRING  
HER HOME.

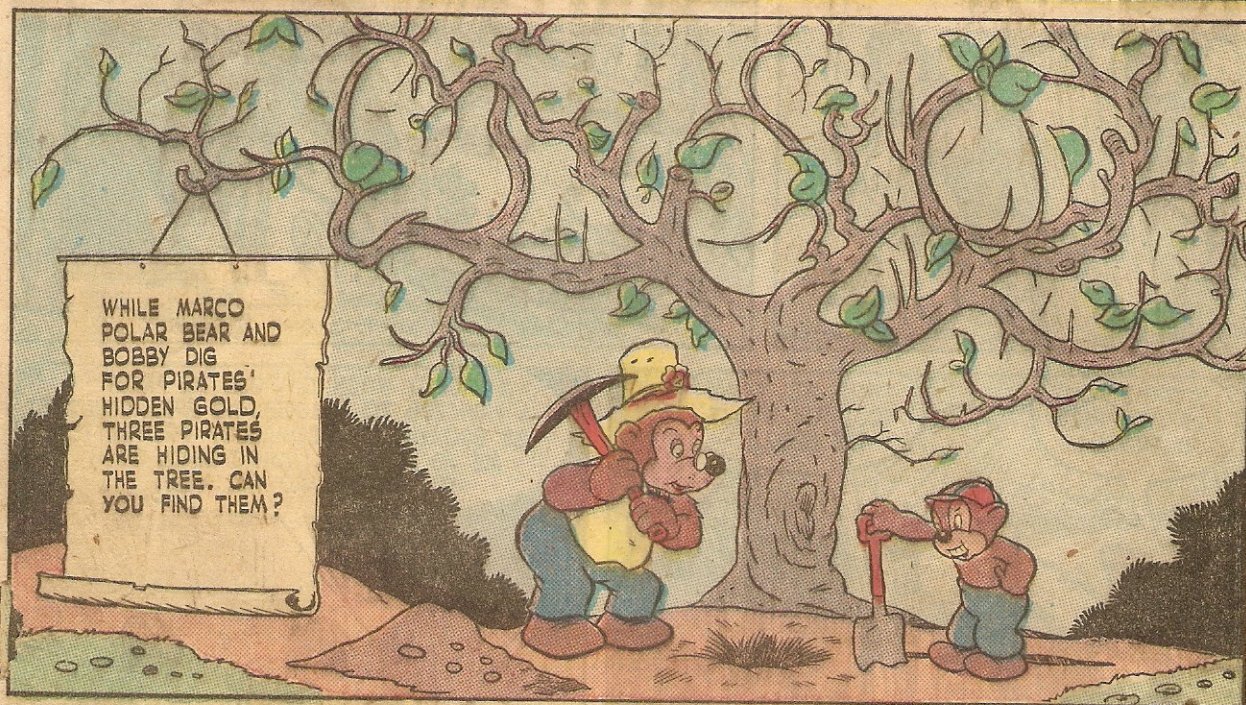




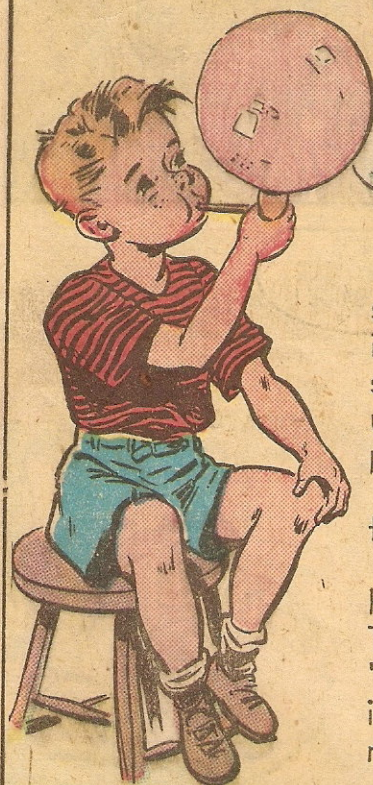




# FUN PAGE



## BUBBLE TRICKS



The next time you blow soap bubbles, try these tricks!

Ask Mother for a large dinner plate. Rub it well with soap. Then, blow a bubble onto the soaped plate and carry it carefully to the refrigerator. (Be sure Mother has cleared some space in the refrigerator.) Leave the bubble there until it is frozen. You'll be surprised when you see how pretty it is!

Another trick is to blow giant soap bubbles by using a funnel instead of a pipe.

Dad can help you with still another tricky bubble. Ask him to blow one when he has a mouthful of cigar smoke. The smoke-bubble will rise fast and high. You can blow a "warm" bubble yourself **after** you have held warm water in your mouth for a minute. But be careful not to burn your mouth with too-hot water!.



# The BEST BUYS in JOY, THRILLS and FUN



## For Girls

**CALLING ALL GIRLS**... the teen-age girls' favorite. Stories, articles on careers, fashions, sewing, etiquette, food, grooming.

7 ISSUES — \$1.00 1 YEAR — \$1.75

**POLLY PIGTAILS**... just for girls from 7 to 12. Delightful stories and comics, things to do, fashions for the younger set, cooking, sewing.

1 YEAR — \$1.00 2 YEARS — \$2.00

## For Boys

**VARSITY**... the ONLY magazine of its kind for fellows of high school and college age. Stories, sports, cartoons, dating, problems, careers, grooming, money.

5 ISSUES — \$1.00 1 YEAR — \$3.00

**CALLING ALL BOYS**... a hit with boys from 8 to 15. Short stories and mystery serials, comics, articles on sports, hobbies, magic tricks.

1 YEAR — \$1.00 2 YEARS — \$2.00

## For Both

**CALLING ALL KIDS**... for youngsters from 4 to 9. Delightful animal and real people comics, stories, verses, songs, games, puzzles, pictures to color.

1 YEAR — \$1.00 2 YEARS — \$2.00

**TRUE COMICS**... tops with all boys and girls. True picture-stories of real people and events, science, sports.

1 YEAR — \$1.00 2 YEARS — \$2.00

**JACK ARMSTRONG**... the adventures of the All-American Boy of Radio Fame. Stories of adventure, heroism, science, sports, humor.

1 YEAR — \$1.00 2 YEARS — \$2.00

Talk about getting your money's worth! A dollar really s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s when it pays for all the thrills and fun and good reading that pack the pages of these wonderful magazines.

All the smart boys and girls are signing on the dotted line for copies of their favorite magazines. It's the sure way of getting every issue with its assortment of fascinating fiction, sparkling comics, slick ideas for hobbies, things to do and make, the latest in sports, fashions, movies.

Your brothers, sisters and friends will be thrilled with subscriptions to these magazines too. Check the ones you want for yourself — for them — and mail the coupon today. Then, presto! — you've joined the keen bunch of boys and girls who receive their very own copies of their very own magazines every month.

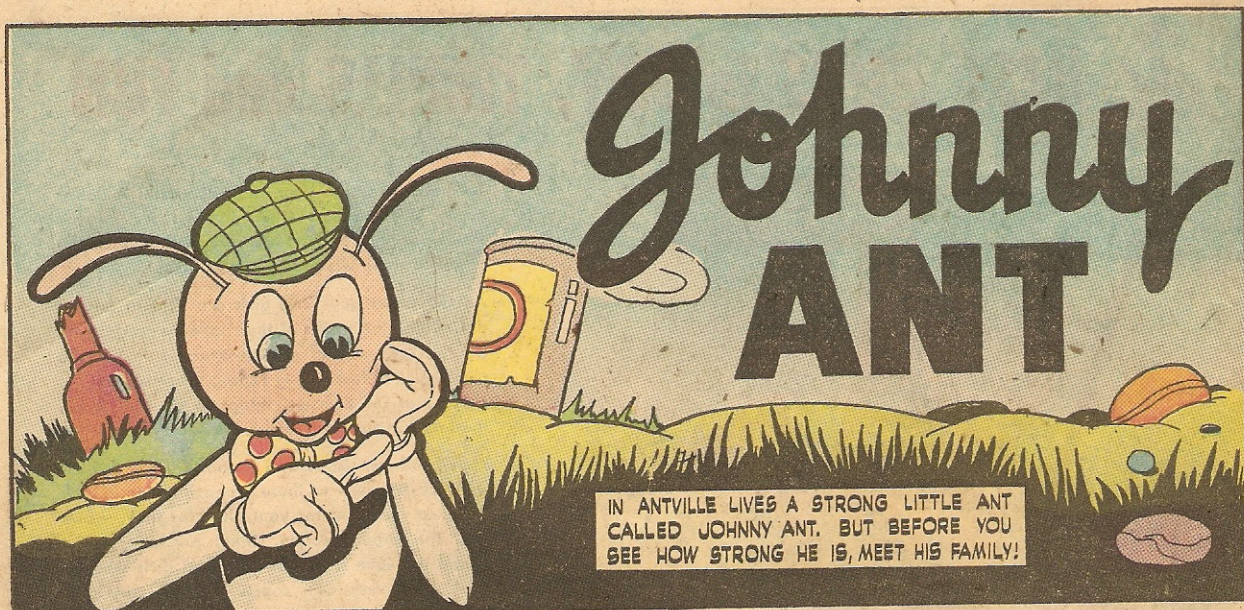


BRINGS YOU  
A SUBSCRIPTION  
TO ANY ONE  
OF THESE  
FAVORITE  
MAGAZINES

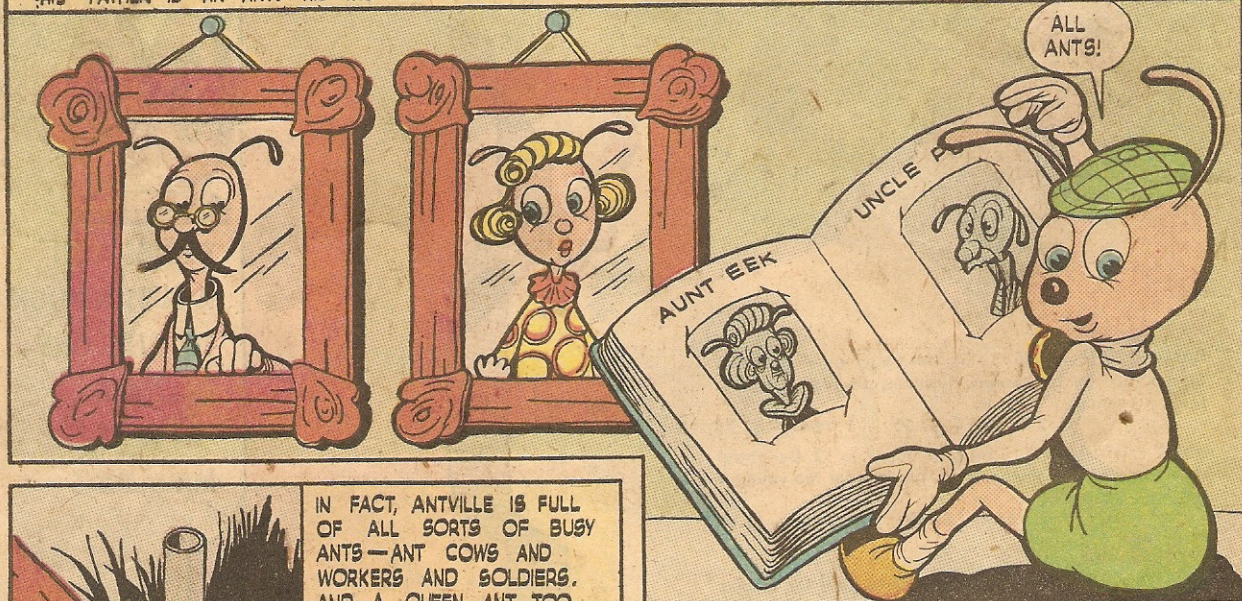
## MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Magazine	No. of Subs	Term	
<input type="checkbox"/> CAB	1 year		<b>PARENTS' MAGAZINE PRESS, Inc. CAK-17</b> 260 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.  Enclosed is \$_____ for subscription(s) to the magazine(s) checked below. The term and number of subscriptions for each magazine are indicated. Additional names are listed on a separate sheet. (Foreign postage, VARSITY, 50c a year extra; all others, 20c extra.)  NAME _____  ADDRESS _____  CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____  Order entered by _____  Address _____  City _____ Zone _____ State _____
<input type="checkbox"/> CAG	7 issues		
<input type="checkbox"/> CAG	1 year		
<input type="checkbox"/> CAG	2 years		
<input type="checkbox"/> JA	1 year		
<input type="checkbox"/> JA	2 years		
<input type="checkbox"/> PP	1 year		
<input type="checkbox"/> PP	2 years		
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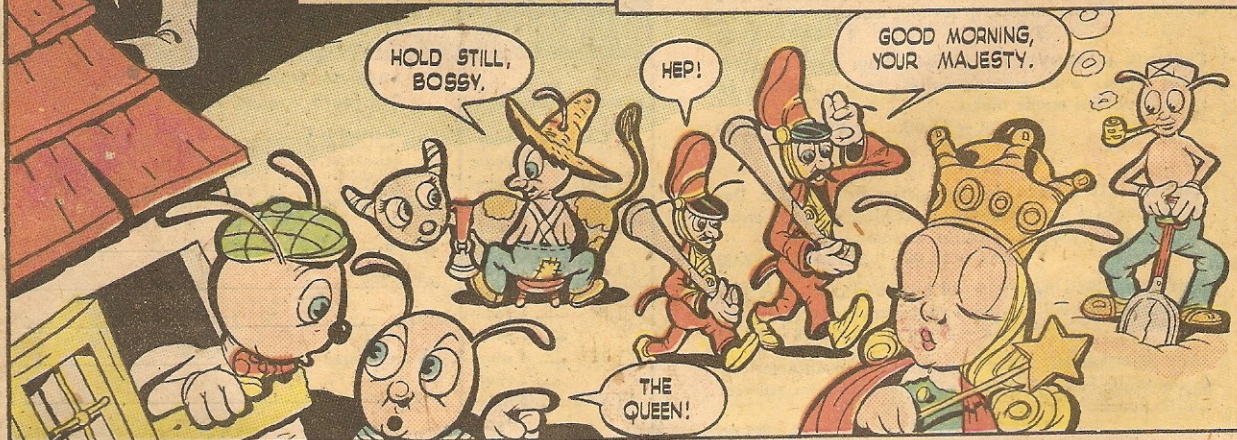




HIS FATHER IS AN ANT. HIS MOTHER IS AN ANT. HIS AUNTS ARE ANTS, AND EVEN HIS UNCLES ARE ANTS.

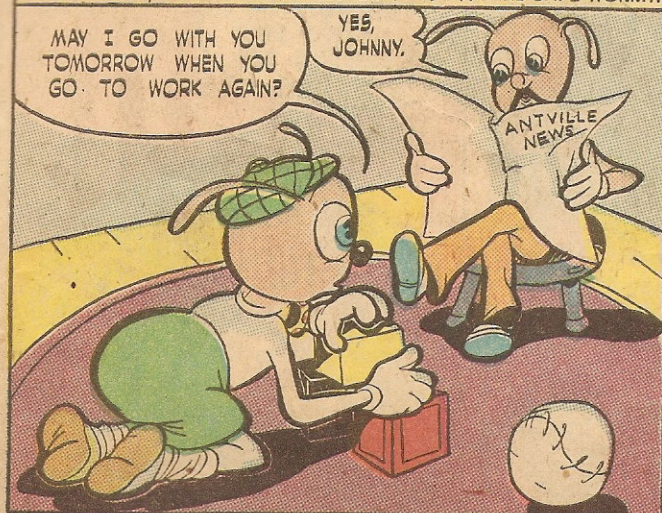


IN FACT, ANTVILLE IS FULL OF ALL SORTS OF BUSY ANTS—ANT COWS AND WORKERS AND SOLDIERS. AND A QUEEN ANT, TOO.

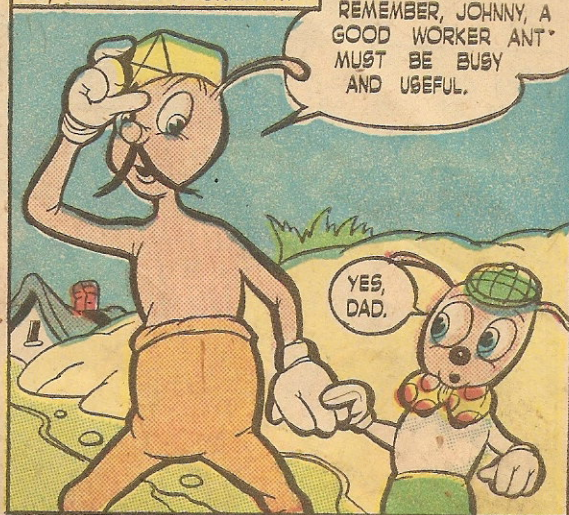




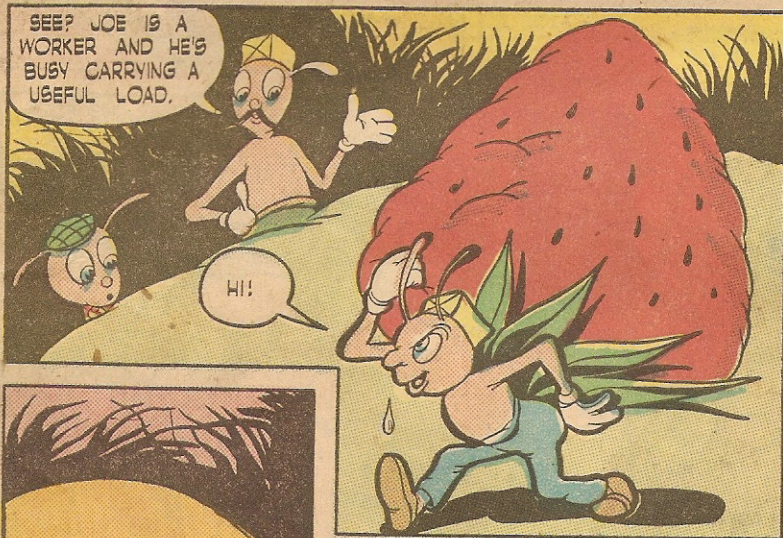
ONE EVENING, AS PAPA ANT RESTED AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK...



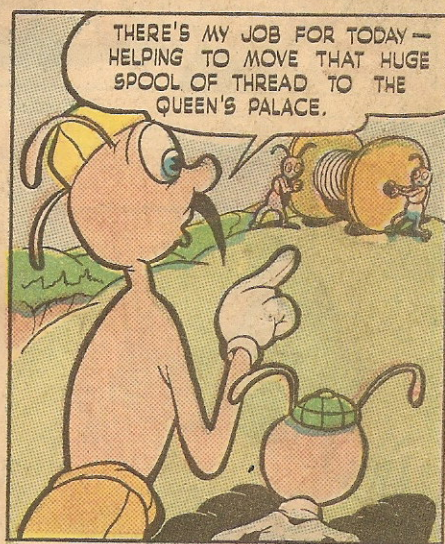
SO, THE NEXT MORNING...



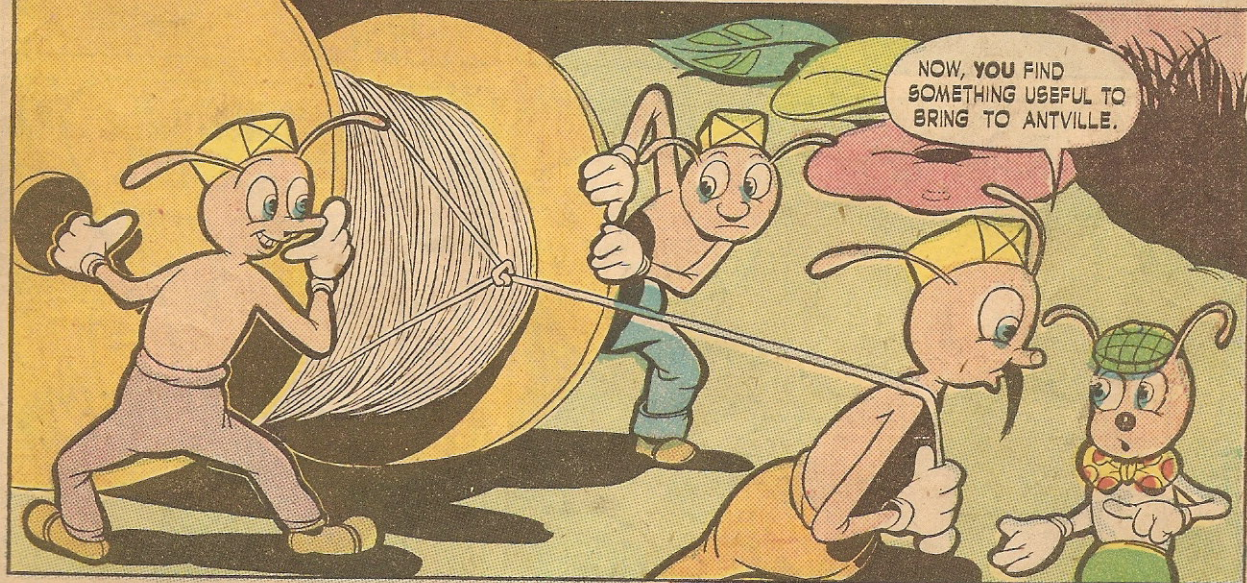
SEEP JOE IS A WORKER AND HE'S BUSY CARRYING A USEFUL LOAD.



THERE'S MY JOB FOR TODAY — HELPING TO MOVE THAT HUGE SPOOL OF THREAD TO THE QUEEN'S PALACE.



NOW, YOU FIND SOMETHING USEFUL TO BRING TO ANTVILLE.





JOHNNY SEARCHED ALL OVER ANTVILLE. WHEN HE FOUND SOMETHING HE THOUGHT WAS USEFUL, HE BROUGHT HIS FATHER TO SEE IT. BUT ALAS...

IT'S ONLY A HEAVY  
PIECE OF METAL. WE  
COULDN'T EVEN  
CARRY IT.

OH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I'LL GO FAR AWAY  
AND MAYBE I CAN  
FIND SOMETHING ELSE.

MEANWHILE, BACK IN ANTVILLE...

AH! HERE'S THE  
NICKEL I LOST  
YESTERDAY. NOW  
I CAN BUY A  
BOTTLE OF SODA.

AS HE PICKED UP THE NICKEL, HIS FOOT  
LANDED IN THE MIDDLE OF ANTVILLE!

CRUNCH

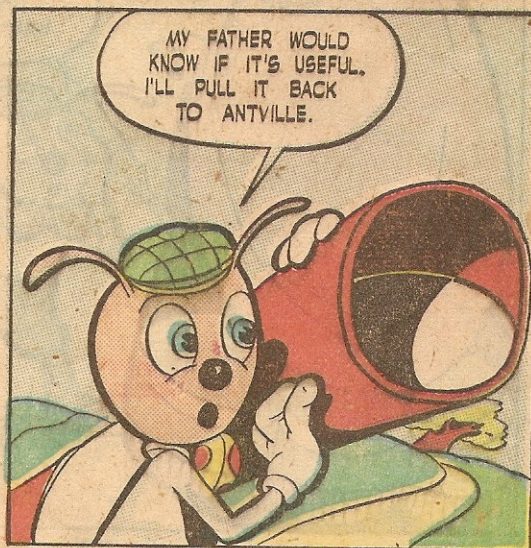
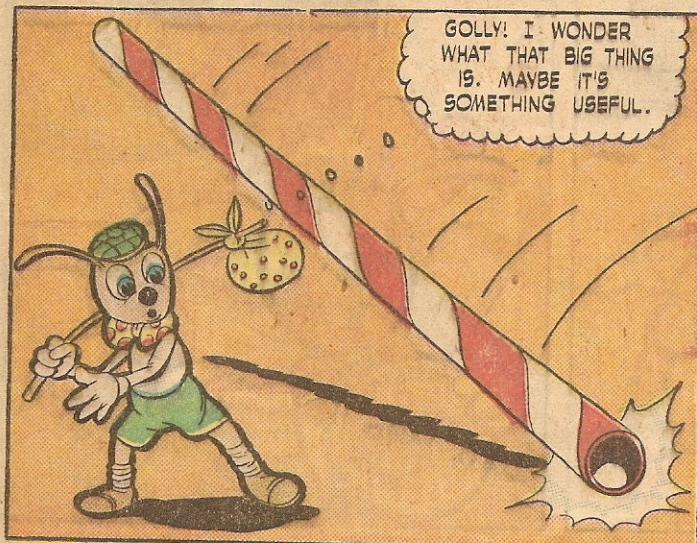
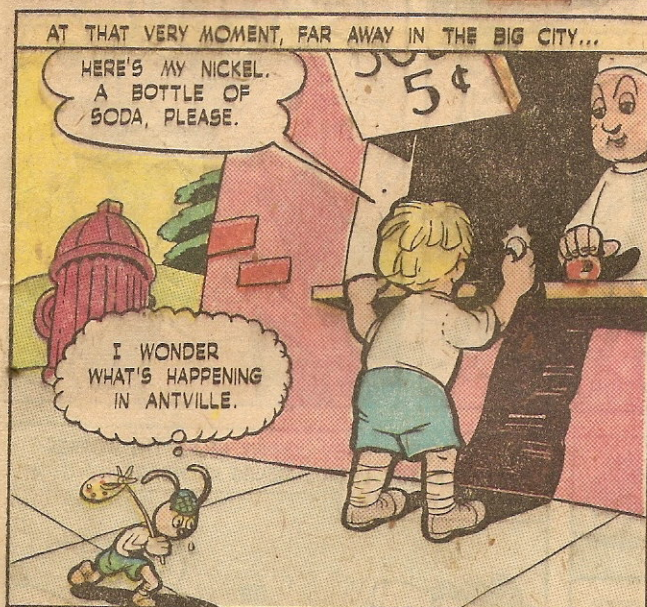
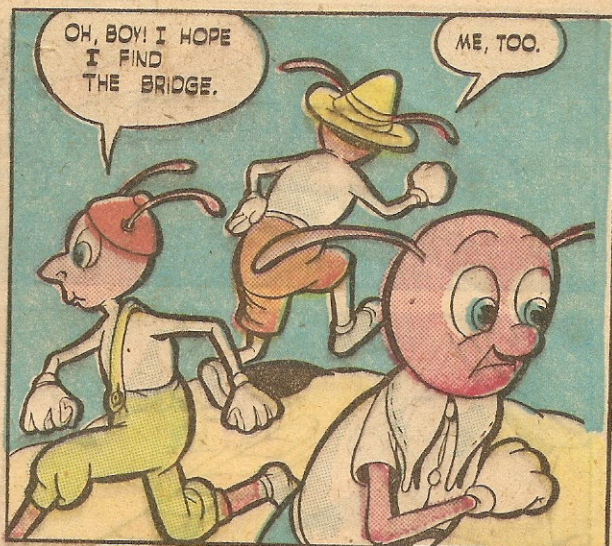
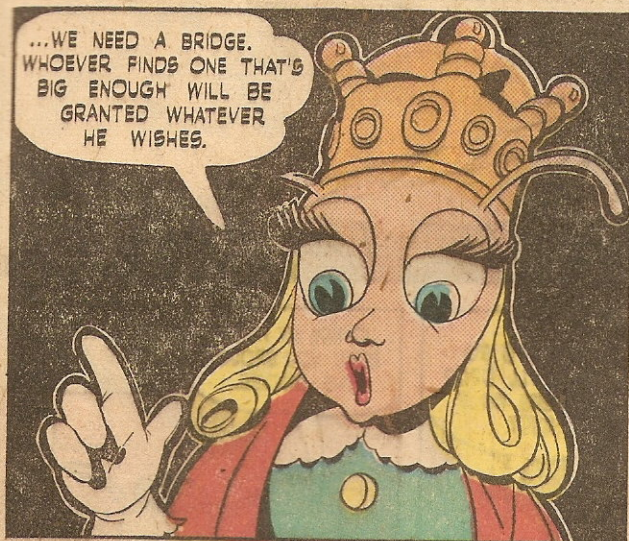
HELP!

A GIANT'S  
FOOTPRINT!

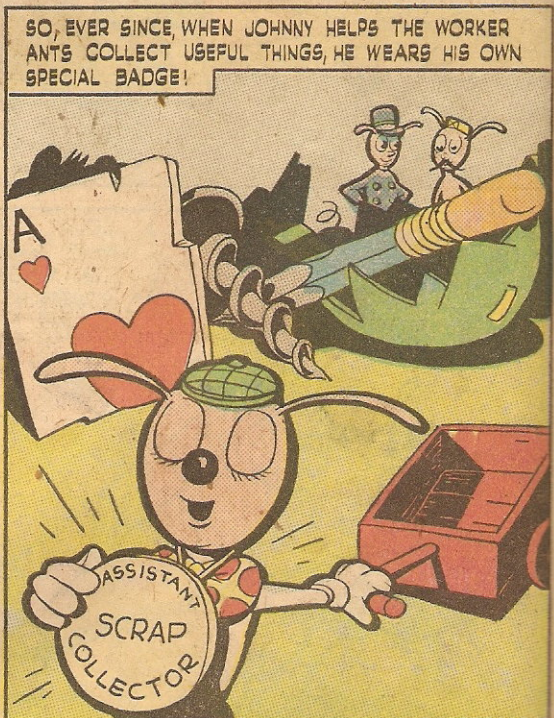
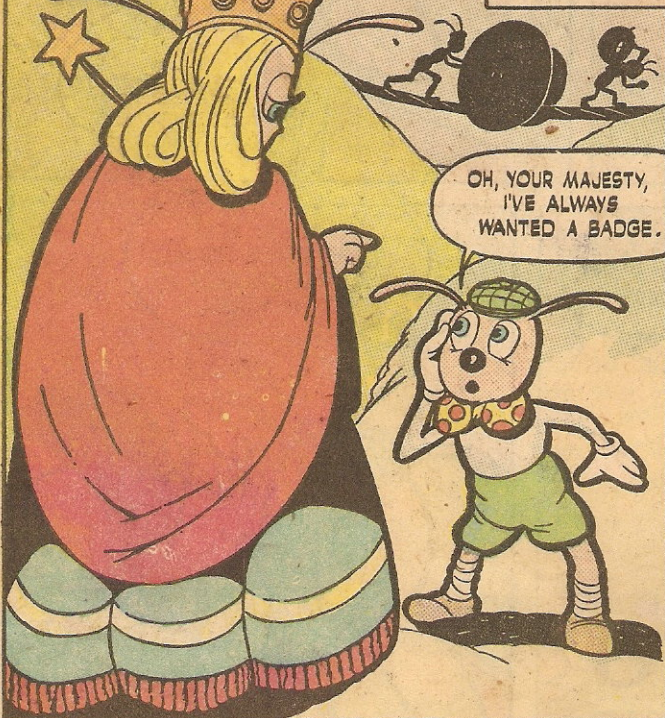
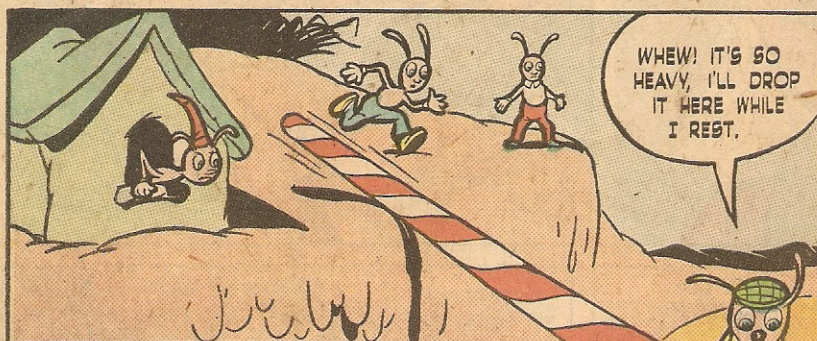
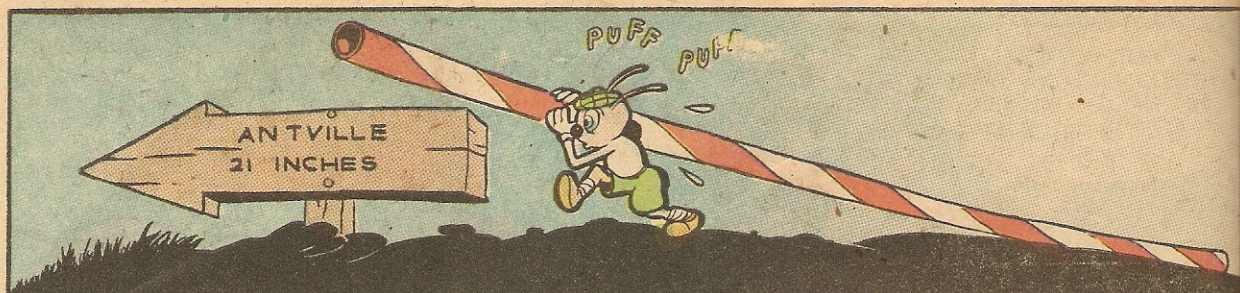
IT'S SO DEEP,  
NOBODY CAN GET  
ACROSS. WHAT WILL  
THE QUEEN SAY?

OUR KINGDOM WILL BE  
LOST UNLESS WE FIND  
A WAY TO GET ACROSS  
THE GIANT'S FOOTPRINT. SO...











# PLAY THE G GAME

GEORGE AND GALE ARE HAVING FUN WITH THINGS THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER G—FIFTEEN OF THEM. HOW MANY CAN YOU NAME?



GUM  
GLASSES  
GOAT  
GOOSE  
GIRAFFE

GARDEN  
GATE  
GRAPES  
GLOVES  
GUN

GRASSHOPPER  
GIRL  
GRASS  
GIANT  
GEOGRAPHY



# ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

## HEROES OF THE FLOOD!

DON'T SEE ANYBODY ELSE, QUICKIE. WE'D BETTER GET GOING—IT'S GETTING PRETTY DARK

ALL THIS WATER AND NONE TO DRINK! WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA RIGHT NOW!

A DAM HAS BURST ABOVE A SMALL COLLEGE TOWN AND "R.C." AND QUICKIE HAVE SPENT THE DAY RESCUING SURVIVORS FROM THE FLOOD!

HELP!

HANG ON, KID! WE'RE COMING!

YOU HOPE, "R.C." LOOKS HOPELESS TO ME!!

SUDDENLY A GIRL CLINGING TO CRATE, SHOOTS PAST THE BOYS!

LOOK! SHE'S CAUGHT ON THAT POLE! NOW'S OUR CHANCE!

I'LL STEER PAST HER. YOU TRY TO SNAG THE POLE WITH THE BOAT HOOK!

CAREFUL, MISS! DON'T TOUCH THOSE WIRES! I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT

HERE, I'LL HOLD THE HOOK. YOU HELP THE GAL!

QUICKIE HOLDS THE BOAT ON ITS COURSE IN THE ROARING, SEETHING FLOOD WATERS. AS THE SMALL CRAFT RACES PAST THE POLE, "R.C." LUNGES AND HOOKS AN IRON BRACE

IF YOU EVER SLIP, "R.C." YOU'RE BOTH GONERS

STEADY NOW! EASY DOES IT!

MADE IT! NOW FOR HIGH GROUND.....

...AND A BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA

YOU BOYS ARE WONDERFUL. I'M GOING TO TELL DADDY ABOUT THIS, HE'S.....

DID YOU HEAR WHAT SHE SAID, "R.C."? HER FATHER'S A ROYAL CROWN COLA DEALER!

HE'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE ROYAL CROWN COLA YOU CAN DRINK—YOU DESERVE IT!

EVERYBODY DESERVES ROYAL CROWN COLA—IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST!

CHARLES STARRETT

COLUMBIA PICTURES WESTERN STAR, SAYS:

YOU'RE ON, BUCKEROO! RC SURE TASTES BEST

"I took the cola taste-test four years ago—picked RC best-tasting. It has been my favorite ever since!" Try it! Say, "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

ROYAL CROWN COLA  
Best by taste-test

